

Red vs Blue WarBound 2

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Summary: Book 2: Service, We are Called. During Season 2 of the Blood Gulch Chronicles. Sequel to WarBound book 1. Rated M for Mature. Once again, Deanis is in on the events of Blood Gulch, but it seems there are bigger things at work than the Blues...

1. Chapter 1 Enfilade

****Author's Note.****

****BOOK 2!****

****Starts in Season 2, my ducklings. Deanis is back and gonna kick some ass.****

****I know that Book 1 has only six reviews so far. Let people know about this, please? I'm not that vain and narcissistic, but I get excited when people comment on my work. Its a nice feeling.****

****ONWARDS!**

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All Flamers and of the such can kiss Sarge's ass.

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><p>Chapter 1 - Enfilade

"I better not be Fucking bald."

"Don't worry, I did what you asked."

Deanis looked into the mirror. Once again, her hair was a perfect crew cut. Courteously of Donut.

Ever since Donut became treasurer from the last staff meeting, Red Base had gotten a lot more things and updates. Like better MREs, more favorable items like Red army banners, and some personal items at Deanis's request. She was getting of cleaning blood from her armor just because Command forgot about the shipments.

Deanis turned her head to see more of Donut's handy work. Simmons previous got a cut from Donut in order to "show more of a inspiring figure", which translates into he wanted to impress Sarge. Deanis put her helmet back on.

"Sarge wanted us outside after you were done," Deanis said as Donut put away his barbering tools.

"You mean about the you-know-what?" Donut asked.

"Seriously man, we're just attacking the blues," Deanis grunted.

"But Sarge said that the blues could be listening in! Plotting our next move in hopes of using our will against us!"

"You give Sarge too much credit," Deanis said irritable as she neared her way to the doorway, "Come on, I wanna shoot something already."

Donut followed.

It's been three months since that major ballad with the Blues and their Freelancer. A lot of shit went down during that time. A revelation of feeling returned to knocker like a fret train, an AI that had gotten into her head because she had been an idiot, finding him againâ€¦ The only reason she hadn't lost it yet is because Donut had been a good replacement for Lopez. Sure the guy's an idiot, sure he acts like a high school cheerleader, but he's a good listener. Deanis liked that about him. It's one of the few reasons she keeps him around without trying to shoot him off.

The two soldiers made it outside. Blood Gulch hadn't really changed in the last three months. The craters from the blue's tank had been filled, the damage the base had taken from the attack had been repaired to the best of everyone's ability, and the Warthog was placed back into an almost perfect condition. Not much had changed.

Sarge, Simmons and Grif waited behind a few rocks nearby blue base. Donut and Deanis reached them.

"Took you long enough," Grif said, "What, you guys talking about your hair?"

"No. We were talking about how lop sided I'll make you," Deanis countered, taking and spinning her M6D pistol. Grif made a small gulp, and lowered his M5BM closer to his crotch.

"Are they in position yet?" Deanis asked.

"Not yet," Simmons said, "Their talking to this purple guy."

"Purple guy?"

"Yeah," Grif said, "He's holding something green and all glowy and stuff."

"The blues must've hired another special ops to come and defeat us!" Sarge exclaimed, "Donut, shoot the soldier's weapon!"

"I'm on it sir!"

Donut unslung the sniper rifle on his back and took aim. Deanis wasn't surprised if it was another Freelancer. The skirmish with Tex must've caught some attention, they didn't just leave valuable equipment lying around. She wondered briefly if the new mercenary was after the AIs.

The shot was fired, hitting the glowing weapon right out of the purple soldier's hands. Assumingly surprising the blues.

"Fire again!"

Another sniper shot fired, missing the soldiers but forcing them to scatter to different shields and away from their base. Donut fired one more time as a warning to stay away.

"Nice shot, cupcake," Sarge said, his shotgun raised.

"Thanks Sarge!"

Simmons and Deanis fired on the blues that were dumb enough to hide in the open. They didn't hit any of them, but it was still satisfying.

"Oh that's right, suck it blue!" Simmons cried in excitement.

"Yeahah, sneak attack!" Grif said, popping up in front of Deanis.

"Out of the way, fuck 'tard or I'll shoot you with them!"

"Pack up yer knickers, fellas. Let's go get 'em," Sarge commanded.

All of them fired, Donut with his battle rifle while the rest of them with assault rifles next to Sarge who used a M6C pistol. Most of them were chipping rocks or hitting the side of Blue base, or attempting to hit Caboose. Deanis found it fucking funny that Caboose literally danced when she fired at his feet.

Donut switched his battle rifle with the sniper again, and started firing at the purple armored guy.

"Simmmmons..." Grif said, pressing the trigger of his rifle for full maximum bullet spray, "I-I can'tt ffeeel my handdds."

"Maybe you should lay off the trigger, you dumbass."

More firing, along with Donut and Sarge parking single bullets at the blue soldiers. There were reloadings along the fighting, or rather attacking the Blues hadn't attacked back. Wait a minuteâ€¦. Deanis watched as the cobalt soldier, Church, raised his pistol and fired. Hitting Caboose. In the foot. _Wasn't that bullet supposed to be for us?_

Caboose went down behind his small rock, holding his bleeding boot. Deanis didn't know how it felt to be shot in the foot, but she doubted it was pleasant. Being shot that is, she was pretty sure that it was pleasant shooting the foot of the enemy. The small target held a lot of pain.

It wasn't long before Deanis started firing clicks rather than bullets. She jerked the clip of her rifle out, and reached for her combat utility belt. No magazines to be replaced. _Shit._ And she rather would use her M6D when she was close ranged, so that there was more of an impacted and more fun out of it.

"Oh crap, I'm out. Give me some ammunition, Grif," Simmons said, taking the empty clip of his rifle and throwing it aside.

"Same here," Deanis said.

"Me?" Grif said, perplexed, "I don't have any extra, I'm down to one bullet."

"The fuck?" Deanis said, "You supposed to supply us with extras, dumbass."

"Wait, since when?"

"Since the last staff meeting," Simmons said.

"We actually talk about stuff in those things?" Grif said surprised, "I just fall asleep inside my helmet."

"Well, you missed your job assignment, and now we have no ammo."

"What's you guys jobs?" Grif asked.

"I'm the Social Chairman," Simmons said.

"Battle Chaplin," Deanis said.

"You're religious?"

"Nope," Deanis explained, "I 'inspire' soldiers to fight on the battlefield."

"Iâ€¦ really don't want to know howâ€¦"

"Grif. Me and Treasurer Donut are empty," Sarge said, "We need some

clips."

"Hey Grif, you remember that one bullet you have left? I thought of the perfect way you can use it," Simmons said.

"Well, fuck," Deanis said, "Now what the fuck are we going to do?"

"We can't let them know that we don't have any ammunition," Simmons explained, "How about we give them a chance to surrender?"

"Excellent plan Simmons," Sarge said. He began to yell.

"Hey blues! We're giving you a chance to surrender!"

"There is no way this bluff is going to work," Grif said, and then was smacked up side the head by Deanis.

"I suggest you shut your mouth and follow orders or the next bullet fired will be in your ass!"

"What the fuck! You don't even have any ammo!"

"I know," Deanis said, "I was inspiring you."

"You call that inspiring?"

"Put a cork in it, Fast Eddie," Sarge said, "There's positively no way the blues know we're outta ammo."

Like on cue, Church yelled back from behind the rock.

"What're your terms?"

"Our what?" Grif asked.

"I can't believe this is actually working," Simmons said, "See if we can get Lopez back, Sarge."

"Maybe he can help see what the problem is with the water shortage," Deanis suggested.

"Oh oh Sarge," Donut whispered, "tell them we want the flag."

"Yeah, and some cake," Grif said.

"Oh... Wait wait Sarge, just the cake."

"Alright blues! First off! We want your flag...!" Sarge was cut off surprisingly by Simmons.

"Wait wait wait just a second. The last time we got the flag, the chick in the black armor showed up."

"...to stay right where it is! Keep the flag!" Sarge finished, "But we do want our mechanized droid guy back!"

Deanis stared at Church. She wasn't quite sure what he'd do exactly. Deanis did know what happened to Lopez, mainly because all the sudden

Lopez was speaking in Church's voice and the fact that the Blues had to make a temporary and secret truce in order to get Church's shoulder fixed from when Deanis had shot it. She had stayed hush hush about it, even with Donut.

"You may know him as SeÑor El Roboto!"

She couldn't just save Church again this time. He already owed her two favors, one from letting him have the Freelancer and two from fixing his shoulder. If she just stopped Sarge from wanting Lopez, it would look highly suspicious and she wasn't about to be considered a traitor to Red army. That's the last thing she needed.

"And don't think you can keep his nuts! Or bolts, or other mechanical parts you may have!"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Deanis said. She wasn't answered.

"Uh, uh he's not here any more!" Church yelled back.

"Yeah, he left! He was all like "Sayonara!" and then he just took off!" The teal guy yelled.

"Sayonara isn't Spanish," Deanis said, "Its Japanese. The fucking idiot."

"You know Japanese?" Donut asked.

"Some."

"Hey reds!" Church yelled, "How about a medic? Would you take a medic as a hostage?"

"Meh, that sounds pretty good to me," Simmons shrugged.

"I don't know," Grif said, "I think we can hold out for more."

"We're out of bullets you fucking moron," Deanis said.

"Oh right. Take the medic. The medic's a good deal."

"Okay! We're gonna send over our medic! Now what do we get!" Church yelled.

"You're surrendering!" Deanis yelled back, "All you get humiliation and defeat!"

"We've already got that!" The teal guy yelled, "What else do you have!"

"What do you want?" Sarge yelled.

"How about if you admit that the red team sucks!" Church yelled. Red team looked at each other.

"Lets not," Deanis said.

"I have it!" Sarge said, and turned to yell, "What if we admit that

one of us sucks!"

"Nice," Grif said, but then turned, "Wait, you mean Donut, right?"

* * *

><p>Trivia.

****Enfilade** - **Civil War Term. To fire upon the length rather than the face of an enemy position; enfilading an enemy allows a varying range of fire to find targets while minimizing the amount of fire the enemy can return. **

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**Fast Eddie - **An African American DJ.

Another wonderous book with another wonderous chapter. Deanis even has some description of what her head looks like.

Going forward, I'm actually already writing chapter 10 to Book 2 and I'm not even close to being finished with it. Good luck waiting.

Read, Review, Whatever.

Chapter 1 - Enfilade

2. Chapter 2 Purplehead

Author's Note.

Another Chapter.

For another book of WarBound, after this one we've got Three more to go. And then its the Reconstruction Series. Ladies and Gentlemen, this is going to be a bumpy ride.

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><p>Chapter 2 - Purplehead

After about two hours of talking amongst the reds and the blues, and the reds and the blues yelling at each other because they didn't like the conditions or some shit like that.

"Okay then! We agree to the terms! You first, and then we send over the medic!" Church yelled.

"Get on with it, Grif," Sarge said. Grif grunted.

"I would just like to let everyone know, that I suck...!" Grif started, stopping himself in hopes of not going further into his humiliation.

"And!" Church yelled. Grif didn't exactly want to continue.

"And that I'm a girl...!" He continued and stopped when he heard Deanis's snickering.

"What else!"

"And I like ribbons in my hair, and I want to kiss all the boys...!" Grif said, dreading to continue with his humiliation.

"This may be the best surrender of all time," Sarge said.

"Okay, is that good enough!" Simmons yelled.

"Yeah!" Church said, and the purple guy, a medic apparently, started running towards red team. As he got closer, Deanis noticed more and more of him to a point where she thought it was stupid to think that he was a Freelancer. For one thing, he wasn't a giant nor was he bulky. He also had a Red Cross on his shoulder platings, with no other insignia. He carried a green, pulsing, gun-like scanner. Deanis felt ridiculous about thinking the guy was actually dangerous.

"Man, I really hope you're worth this," Grif said as the medic reached them.

"Can I ask you a question?" the guy asked, "Do they put something in the water here?"

"Water?" Deanis said, "We ran out of water about three months ago."

"No water," The medic said, "Then what do you drink?"

"Uh, you know, ketchup, uh, soy sauce, gravy, the usual," Grif said.

"I only drink the blood of my enemies," Sarge said, "And occasionally a strawberry yoo-hoo. Or a sarsaparilla. Grenadine, straight from the can. Deeelicious. ...Oh occasionally I do enjoy a 'Sex on the Beach.' Or a pina colata." Sarge starting sing Pina Colatas, with modified verses and terrible tempos.

"Can we go home now?" Deanis said, irritated. The battle was over, and she didn't even hit anything. Fucking blows.

"Yeah sure," Sarge said grudgingly. The team began to march back, with Deanis on one side of the prisoner with Grif on the other.

"So what the hell is your name?" Deanis asked, making conversation. Hostile but a conversation.

"I'm medical Officer DuFresne," the medic said, when Grif started laughing.

"Look at that, another French person."

"Shut it Grif."

"What, you guys going French kiss or something? Go eating French fries?"

"Shut up Grif," Simmons intervened.

"That's it, I'm calling you Doc," Deanis said.

"â€¦I guess it does stickâ€¦" The medic mumbled.

The rest of the way didn't exactly have great conversation. Deanis found little things and tidbits about Doc that she didn't exactly like. One, he wasn't even going to fight, in fact is on loan to both armiesâ€¦ What a dolt. Two, he has a problem with offending peopleâ€¦ How fucking pathetic. Three, Donut has been staring at his armor for the time they've been walking.

Red base had obviously remained the same when the team and hostage returned. The current conversation that was going on didn't stop when Sarge ordered Grif to watch the so call prisoner. The rest of the team went to the Warthog.

"So what're we going to do with him?" Deanis asked.

"Simple," Sarge said, "We'll wait for an attack from the Blues to get him back, and then as they kill Grif we race in and enjoy Red Army Victory!"

"I'm not even going to point out the flaws in thatâ€¦" Deanis mumbled.

It didn't take much, but some how from the conversation between Doc and Grif, Sarge heard "Sarge" and "Wrong" in the same sentence. The CO turned.

"Grif! Yer supposed to be guarding the prisoner. Not playing lookie-loo with him all day long!" he yelled.

"Come on Sarge, he doesn't even have a gun," Grif pointed out.

"Oh, well you two will be great friends then. He doesn't have a gun, and you didn't bring any ammo!" Simmons countered.

"Hey thanks, kiss ass. If I wanna take guarding tips from the guy that lost our last prisoner, I'll be sure to ask you."

"Oh man, that is a burn," Donut said, nudging Deanis and motioning to Simmons, "Dude, you just got burned. Burned, dude, burned."

"That's getting very annoying very quickly," Deanis said.

"Oh shut up, your armor's pink," Simmons said.

"Uh, hey, guys? I just want everybody to know that Grif and I aren't, uh, technically friends, uh, we're just talking. That's it," Doc piped up.

"Yeah sure," Deanis mumbled, "What ever."

"Are there any ideas on what to do with the prisoner?" Sarge said.

"Does anyone hear beeping?" Deanis asked, in accordance to a sudden series of patterned beeps that seem to be coming from the Warthog.

"Well, we have to get him away from Grif, because ...yeah, you know, it's kinda cruel and unusual to have to talk to him," Simmons said, not hearing Deanis's question.

"How 'bout we um, let him trade armor with uh, one of us?" Donut suggested, "That would show him."

"Serious, what the fuck is with the beeping," Deanis said, Donut looked at her.

"Beeping?"

The beeping became louder, confirming the fact that it was coming from the jeep. The lights of the vehicle flashed on and the motor kicked up.

"**Warthog online**," A monotone, machine voice said from the jeep's console, "**Homing beacon activated.**"

"The fuckâ€|" Deanis said.

"Sargeâ€|" Donut said, "D-did the car just talk?"

"Uh ohâ€|" Sarge said.

"Uh oh? What do you mean uh oh?" Grif said, as he and Doc ran over to see exactly what was going on.

"After Grif's failure and the Warthog's first destruction," Sarge explained, "I wanted to make sure that such devastation never happens again, so I secretly built a way for Lopez to control the vehicle."

"Okay, I get it," Simmons said, "You build a remote control for the jeep in to Lopez."

"Yep," Sarge confirmed, "But there's no way anyone could have found out how to turn it on. I hid it in a place no-one would ever look. Unless..." He looked at Donut, "Hey. Pretty in Pink, Were you messin' with my robot?"

"What're you asking me for?" Donut asked, his helmet tilted to one side.

"So now someone controls the jeep," Deanis said, "And the mounted gun. With the possible intent to kill us."

"Oh, get a pair, you bunch o' Barbies," Sarge said, "Even if they figured out how to turn it on, they'd never know the set of code words to control it. Only me and my diary know that."

"You have a diary?" Donut asked.

"Shut it, strawberry shortcake."

"**Drive**," The jeep said suddenly.

"Jumpin' Jehozafats," Sarge said, "they've cracked the code. Those dern wind talkers."

The Jeep's wheels took forward. Deanis dodged the moving vehicle as it speed towards her. With Deanis marked off as an intended target, it went for the next thing. Doc.

The jeep hits him, and he flew just barley into the air and landing hard and fast into the driver's seat. In a failed attempt to stop the moving car, Doc tried to control the wheel, to no effect.

"Hey, he's taking the jeep," Donut said, Deanis heard Doc's cry.

"Help, the jeep is kidnapping me!"

"Now he's taunting us," Donut said, "This is just embarrassing."

"Hey Sarge, new rule," Simmons said, "How 'bout we just don't take any more prisoners, since we seem to suck at it."

The Warthog drove into the distance, in some random direction or possibly getting to Blue base. For a moment, Deanis thought maybe it really was trying to get to Lopez, but in accordance the Jeep's monotone voice said, "**Stop**" as it stilled. It stopped, pointing in red team's direction.

"That does not look good," Grif said, "Nice kitty, nice kitty."

"That's not going to help," Deanis said.

"**Target acquired: RED**," The Warthog said. Deanis stiffed.

"Uh, Sarge, Deanis, you may wanna start running," Grif said, "Now."

"Ahh fudge pumps," Sarge said, as the jeep drove forward.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

****Copperheads** - **Civil War Term. A label for Northerners who opposed the war and occasionally worked to undermine the war effort. What I basically did was made a pun on Doc's armor and this term.

Now my Ducklings, another waiting section before another chapter. Stay tuned.

Read, Review, Whatever.

****Chapter 2 - Purplehead****

3. Chapter 3 Charge

****Author's Note.****

****God I feel so bored... Here's another chapter.****

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><p>Chapter 3 - Charge

The next thing Deanis knew, was that she was grabbed and practically being dragged away. Barely missing Deanis, the jeep drove right into Sarge and into the outer walls of red base.

"I'm Pinned!" Sarge yelled, as the jeep's mounted gun began to fire, getting slowly getting closer to Sarge's head.

"**Eliminate RED target**," the jeep said.

Deanis's savior turned out to be Simmons. The maroon kiss ass having once already dragged Deanis to her feet when the tank was doing a second assault months earlier. She violently shrugged off Simmons's grip.

"You're gonna kill him!" Grif yelled. Doc was frozen in place in the driver's side, not moving nor trying to stop the mechanical monster.

"What a way to go," Sarge said, as the bullets got closer and closer, "Killed by my own mechanical creations. I'm sure there's a philosophical lesson to be learned from all this."

"Something about the dangers of technology, and the unwavering pride of mankind?" Simmons asked.

"No," Sarge said, "something about hiring better help, that doesn't just stand around watching you die!"

"Don't worry," Deanis said, "We'll find a way to get you out of there."

"You're right!" Donut said, coming up to them, "I got dibs of Sarge's armor."

"That isn't what I meant dipshit!"

"Grif," Sarge said, "if you see Lopez, tell him I forgive him. Tell him, he was like a son to me."

"I thought Simmons was like a son to you?" Grif asked.

"No offense, Simmons. Lopez and I just, understood each other better."

"Understood?" Simmons said, perplexed, "he refused to speak English."

"Yeah, and he ran away the first chance he got," Grif noted.

"And now he's trying to kill you with a remote control jeep," Simmons continued.

"Ahhhh, what a little rascal," Sarge said, as bullets starts to ping off the base and on his armor. Not much time left.

Suddenly, like the flip of a switch, the Warthog stopped firing. The lights began to fade away, and the mounted gun pointed to the ground.

"**Signal lostâ€|**" was all it said before the jeep became dead once more.

"Wow, that was a close one," Grif said.

"Are you okay Sarge?" Deanis asked.

"Ah, horse puckey, I'm fine," Sarge said, as fine as he could be while still pinned to the base side, "Although I do have to admit, maybe a little bit disappointed."

"Disappointed about what? Not dying?" Deanis asked.

"It's okay sir," Simmons comforted, "I know that you said a lot of things that you didn't mean. People say crazy stuff when they're faced with their own mortality."

"It's not that," Sarge said, "I just felt like I could have taken him."

"Taken who, the machine gun?" Grif asked.

"Oh he was a worthy opponent to be sure," Sarge said, "but right at the end there he was beginning to show signs of weakness. Cracks in the armor, if you will."

"You can't fight a huge ass machine gun," Deanis said.

"Yeah, Sarge," Donut agreed, "I know you're tough and all, but it is kinda hard to beat up hundreds of armor piercing bullets using only your face."

"And yet, he surrendered," Sarge said, seeming to ignore Donut and Deanis.

"Guys, guys, it's okay," Doc finally spoke up, "I've seen this before."

Sarge just lived through a very traumatic ordeal. We all have ways of coping with the stress."

"Oh yeah?" Grif said, "How do you deal with it?"

"Oh I have my own system that works pretty well for me," Doc paused before continuing, "...By the way, the driver side of the jeep is gonna need a thorough cleaning."

"Grossâ€|" Deanis mumbled.

"Hey Doc, although I'm sure Sarge enjoys having his spine pulverized in to dust," Simmons said, "Maybe you should go ahead and back up the Warthog."

"Oh, right. Sorry." Doc started up the jeep and looked down at the Warthog's six pedals like they were an alien alphabet. He pushed on one of them, and the Warthog pushed Sarge further into the base.

"Oh, hot buttered lug nuts!"

"Oh, geez, I'm really sorry, I-I just was in the wrong gear, let me just...", Doc pushed down on another one, ramming into Sarge again.

"Yoh, geez, there goes mah last kidney. I was saving that one for a special occasionâ€|"

"Third time's a charm?" Doc asked, hopefully.

"Oh no you fucking don't," Deanis said, "Out of the fucking jeep."

"I'm really sorry guys. I was only trying to help."

"Really," Simmons said. Another failed persuasion check.

"Oh is that all?" Grif said sarcastically, "I for one was totally confused. I thought you were savagely trying to kill our Sergeant by ramming him over and over with a six thousand pound steel death machine. Now that we know that you're just trying to help, by all means, please continue."

"...Really?" Doc asked.

"GET OUT!" Grif, Simmons and Deanis yelled in unison. Doc jumped out of the jeep, Deanis watching him so he didn't try anything. Donut jumped into the driver's side, the seat making a sickening squish that nearly made Deanis nauseous. Donut backed the Warthog, releasing Sarge from the base.

The CO fell down to the ground, unconscious and with possible internal bleeding. Doc slowly made his way to him, but was stopped when Deanis put her M6D to his helmet's temple.

"Oh-ho no you don't," Simmons said, coming up from behind Deanis, "You've already caused enough damage."

"But I'm a medic, I can help him," Doc said, nervously.

"No, Doctors help people," Deanis said, "Medics comfort people while they die."

Doc remained silent.

"Hey Donut," Simmons said, "Could you take care of Sarge for us? Me, Grif and Deanis are going to give the blues back their medic."

"Okee-Doky!" Donut said, giving a salute as he rushed to the fallen Sarge.

"Let's go." Simmons started walking to blue base's direction, Grif looked at Deanis and then followed Simmons. Deanis shoved Doc.

"Move it!"

"Agh! Okay Okay Okay!" She shoved him again when he stumbled, forcing him to keep up with the second-in-command's pace. The rest of the way, Deanis held a gun to Doc's head.

It didn't take too long to get back to blue base. There was something weird going on thoughâ€¦ Church was standing with his back to the canyon, and that teal guy was kneeling down to his crotchâ€¦

Deanis felt something in the pit of her stomach, even though the front of her mind said that Lopez didn't have a penis... But stillâ€¦. Grif and Deanis stared while they both heard the yelling.

"Damnit Caboose! In the short time I've known you, you've managed to call my girlfriend a slut, blow me up with a tank, shoot me in the head, and now paralyze me from the waist down! So I hope it's not too much for me to ask, just for once, if you'd shut yer freakin' mouth!"

"Hey blues, we're here to-" Simmons stopped dead, "what the hell are you guys doing?"

The blues started talking amongst themselves, Deanis couldn't hear what they were saying.

"What were you doing down there?" Grif asked.

"Nothing. What're you talking about?" The teal guy said, fidgety and nervous.

"We were just playing a game!" Caboose yelled from the roof, unseen to Deanis.

"What in the hell is going on at this base?" Grif mumbled a question.

"I told you these guys're weirdâ€¦" Doc strained a whisper, just to have Deanis stomp on his foot, causing Doc to twitch.

"You're weird you fucking pacifier," Deanis whispered angrily back.

"Whaddaya want reds? Get outta here or we'll start shootin' at ya!" Church yelled, not turning around to face them.

"Oh yeah? You care to make that threat to my face?" Grif prodded. Deanis watched as Church twisted and turned, trying to face them, but couldn't. Was there something wrong? _Why isn't he moving his legs?_

"Uhgh... no," Church said, defeated.

"Yeah I didn't think so," Grif said and then muttered, "Punk."

"Whoa whoa whoa, calm down guys," Simmons said, "We didn't come here to fight. We just came to give back the prisoner."

"Give him back?" The teal guy said, moving in front of Church, "You can't give him back, you took him, a deal's a deal."

"Yeah, well forget it," Grif said, "We don't want him."

"Well, sorry, you can't have another prisoner. That was our last one," Church said, turning his helmet but still not moving his entire body.

"Hey dude, what is your problem?" Grif said.

"Didn't your mama ever tell you it's impolite not to look at someone when you're talking to them?" Simmons said.

"He's shy!" Caboose's voice said from the base roof.

"Shut up," Church said to the unseen Caboose, and then turned his head back, "Look, we don't want him back, and we don't care what you do with him. Now if you don't mind, we'd appreciate if you'd leave us alone. We're in the middle of something, kinda private over here."

"That's sad," Grif said. Deanis half expected him to make a sex joke, "He is shy."

"Fine, but don't come asking for him back later," Simmons said, as Grif began and Deanis started walking to Red base. Simmons followed shortly after.

"We won't!" yelled that teal guy from the base top again. Just as they were up on a small hill top, Grif stopped and turned around.

"Last chance," He said.

"Beat it Reds!" Church yelled back.

"Alright, we're goin', we're goin'," he mumbled back as he turned back around. Doc started heading back to red base, when Deanis spotted him. With a quick dash, Deanis skidded in front of him with her pistol drawn and aimed.

"Just where do you think you're going?" Deanis asked, sarcastically.

"Umm, back to base with you guys. They don't want me over there," Doc replied, thumbing back over to blue base.

"Nah, don't think so," Deanis said, still aiming the gun. Simmons and Grif came up from behind Doc.

"What?" Doc said, looking at all three of them, "You're not just gonna leave me out here in the middle of nowhere... By myself?"

"That's kinda the general idea," Simmons said, putting his hands on his hips and leaning to look into Doc's visor at a successful attempt of being menacing.

"Not you too, right Grif?" Doc turned to Grif in desperation, "Old buddy? Huh?"

"Sorry, it's pretty clear that you're not very popular around here, and if I'm gonna make any progress at all, I can't be directly associated with you," Grif said, repeating what Doc had said earlier, "I'm sure you understand."

Doc remained silent as Simmons and Grif passed him and Deanis on their way to Red base. Deanis remained for a minute longer.

"Follow us, and I get to put a bullet in your brain," Deanis threatened, then turned and left Doc standing in the middle of the canyon.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

****Charge**** - To rush towards the enemy.

****More chapters to come... Still bored...****

****Read, Review, Whatever**
>

****Chapter 3 - Charge****

4. Chapter 4 To Kill a Feinting Blue

****Author's Note.****

****Yay, 1 review!****

****...****

****Yeah.****

****Deanis is cool.**
>

* * *

><p>Disclaimer

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All Flamers and of the such can kiss Sarge's ass.

* * *

><p>Chapter 4 " To Kill a Feinting Blue

The truck back wasn't that terrible, and the medic sadly didn't follow them. That was too bad. Deanis really did want to see what the inside of his skull look like.

Simmons, Grif and Deanis ran up one of the base's ramps and on the roof. It was nice that Sarge hadn't died from his wounds due to the Warthog's rampancy. Donut was up here with him. Deanis swore she heard something about dying and armor, but she brushed it off.

"Hey we're back!" Simmons said.

"Oh man am I glad it's you guys," Donut said, excitedly, "Sarge would not stop talking! Seriously."

Yeah fucking right.

"Grif, Simmons, Deanis, were you able to work out a suitable exchange?" Sarge asked, his voice darkly and possibly irritable.

"Uhh, not exactly sir. You see, when we showed up the blues were doing something, really weird and then w-" Simmons was interrupted by Grif.

"Really weird! And they were rude!"

"Hey dumbass, I thought we agreed I was gonna tell the story," Simmons said, anger.

"Excuse me! Go ahead!" Grif said, less enthusiastic than he was. Simmons returned his attention to Sarge.

"Well you see, the blue guys were really weird. And not just normal weird, really weird."

"You're not telling it right," Grif said, interrupting. Again.

"Okay fine, how do you remember it?" Simmons demanded out of Grif.

"Well, I remember we agreed that you're a kiss ass," Grif explained, "I got fuzzy on the rest of the details."

Simmons was about to speak up again, when Deanis said something.

"They didn't want the medic back."

"Why, those cunning blue devils!" Sarge said, pumping his fists, "Does their treachery know no bound!"

"It wasn't a total loss sir," Grif said, "I was able to steal his wallet."

Grif reached down and took something from the back of his combat utility belt. He produced a square, brown, leather coated case and waved for everyone to see.

"Grif," Sarge said, "I may just make a respectable soldier outta you yet."

"Really sir?" Grif said, astonished by the compliment he had just received from Sarge.

"Hell no!" Sarge yelled. _Saw that coming_, "Now leave the money on my nightstand and get back to work!"

Deanis didn't quite remember if today was Donut's patrol or Simmons's. Planning for the sneak attack had made everyone do the same thing over and over again. Sarge said it was to avoid suspicion, but that was a bunch of bull. Anything with a brain could tell that repeating experiences meant something. But she didn't have to think anything of the subject when her thoughts were interrupted by a sniper shot.

"What in the world?" Simmons said.

"Hey Grif," Sarge commanded, "Pick the sniper and check out what's goin' on out there."

"Yes sir," Grif grudged. The orange clad picked up the rifle and checked inside its scope, "There doesn't seem to be anything-

An explosion cut him off.

"What in Sam Hell is going on out there Grif?" Sarge asked, looking out into the canyon to try and see exactly what was going on. Simmons and Deanis followed to the opposing side of Grif.

"Sir I think we're under attack," Grif said, "A very sloppy and poorly coordinated attack."

"How many do you see?" Sarge asked.

"There's two coming our way and another one seems to be...", Grif looked up from the sniper's scope, his helmet tilted to the side slightly, "Retreating?"

"Oh, we'll give them all the reason to retreat," Sarge said, rubbing his hands together. He turned to Simmons and Deanis, "Saddle up you two, lets go rope us some blue steer!"

"Woohoo!" Simmons cried as he and Deanis followed Sarge off the base, by jumping from the edge. Deanis landed on the ground with a soft thud before resuming the following, ignoring the happy joy cries about killing the blues or some shit like that. Deanis jumped into shot gunner position before Simmons.

"Alright hit it!"

Sarge started up the vehicle, and a strange country like music came from the radio. At least it wasn't that fucking Italian musicâ€¦|

Sarge put the pedal to the metal and the jeep speed forward. The Warthog bounced and jumped on the hills of Blood Gulch as it sped to its destination. It by past the blue's tank not far from Red base, the grenade that had stuck to it had left a gaping hole in the cover that serves protection to the driver and scorch marks on the inside seat.

The blood that stained it had remained red since that time three months ago. That was a quick tip off to Deanis that it wasn't real blood. Real blood would've dried to a brown or black crisp state, not remained a stained colored red liquid. The blood that stained the tank was artificial. Synthetic in all its worth.

The jeep flew off another hill when something caught Deanis's eye. First it was that teleporter thing, and then something white and transparent. She wasn't the only person who saw it.

"Hey Sarge, hold on a sec," Simmons said. Sarge stopped the vehicle and Simmons jumped from the mounted gun. The maroon clad looked around for something that wasn't there any more, "Did you guys see something weird?"

"Yes I did. Once when I was a small child I saw a man, who claimed to be my uncle, do this thing with a garden hose that still haunts me to thi-

"Whoa Sarge," Deanis said, stopping him, "I don't think Simmons meant that."

"Oh," Sarge said, realizing the mistake, "then no."

"Then what was all that stuff about your uncle?" Simmons asked.

"I keep telling everyone he wasn't my uncle! He wasn't!"

There was a moment's pause.

"...You wanna talk about it?" Simmons spoke up.

"Just get back in the damn jeep," Sarge said, darkly. Simmons got back onto the mounted chain gun, but Sarge didn't go forward immediately. Deanis saw what he was looking at. A mile or so away was the three blue team members, right in the jeep's line of fire. Deanis heard the craning of the mounted gun as Simmons aimed to fire.

"Hold your fire there Simmons," Sarge said, making a stopping signal with the back of his hand, "This is payback time."

"Go for it sir!" Simmons said. _Uh oh_.

The jeep started moving again. Two of the three blues noticed, and started running around in circles. The one not moving was in cobalt blue. _Fuck, its Church!_ But something seemed different. It was like it wasn't even Church anymoreâ€¦|

Fuck that anyway, if Sarge hits him, Deanis would not only lose Church, but Lopez too.

"Aim for the guy right in the middle Sarge!" Simmons yelled above the noise of the jeep.

"Way ahead of ya Simmons!"

The Church/Lopez soldier turned around, finally noticing what exactly was going on. Deanis felt a ping in her stomach. She had to do something quick. Something, anything. ****_FUCK IT ALL._****

"LOOK OUT!" Deanis yelled, trying to get up from her seat.

"Deanis what the hell are you doing?" Simmons said, and a sudden beeping was heard, "Does anyone hear a strange beeping?"

And then the hood of the jeep exploded. The force of impact, knocked Deanis into the passenger seat, and sent Simmons flying off the mounted gun. The jeep flipped up, just to explode again mid-air from the bottom. It flipped once more before landing back on the ground.

Simmons and Deanis lay sprawled on the ground, Sarge was either unconscious or dead at the wheel.

Something ached in Deanis's skull and in her stomach. Her thoughts summoned up the possibility that her implants may have taken a hit, but her nauseous state didn't have the care or energy to bring up panic. She managed to pull her self away from the wreckage in some random direct, unable to get up and walk away.

Dragging her sorry ass on the ground, she slowed as she did, losing energy and consciousness. The last thing she saw was bright, cobalt boots and then darkness.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

****Feint**** - To pretend to attack in one direction while the real attack is directed somewhere else. Basically it's a mock attack.

****To Kill a Feinting Blue - ****A pun on the book "To Kill a Mocking Bird".

****Another chapter... ****

****... and more waiting on that damn season 9!****

****...****

****No Deanis isn't dead yet. WarBound still needs its hero.**

>

****...**

>

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 4 - To Kill a Feinting Blue****

5. Chapter 5 Without your Kepi

****Author's Note.****

****Another Chapter. Whoop dee do.
>**

*** * ***

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><p>Chapter 5 - Without your Kepi

Church ran into the base. That robot, Lopez or whatever, according to Tucker had taken on of the red guys and placed him inside the base. Fucking A, he didn't have time for this shit. Church wanted the tank fixed so he could have his body back. There was nothing going right today.

Tucker met him inside in the hall that led to the barracks. The teal/aqua colored soldier was unfazed by Church's transparent, spiritual body.

"Tucker, Tucker," Church said quickly, "Exactly who did the robot pick up?"

"I dunno, that creepy red guy I think," he replied. Church sighed.

"Which red guy?"

"That one that does the patrols and stuff," Tucker said, "You know, the guy that fixed your shoulder, the one with that fucking powerful pistol."

Oh. Him.

Church remembered that guy. He owed him two favors, one for helping him free Tex and two for fixing his body's shoulder. Church was pretty sure that orange guy shot him, it was certainly a luck ass shot. That red guy really was a creep. For a while, Church couldn't figure how on earth he knew his name or something. It didn't take too long to arrive at the conclusion that the red guy was probably a smart one and just figured it out by listening to the radio.

The same smart red guy that snuck past Blue base defenses and got the orange guy out, the same smart red guy who figured out that Church was possessing Sarge that one time and wasn't fazed by it, the same smart red guy that Church and Tucker haven't been able to figure out for the past two years. The only soldier Church knew that wasn't a Freelancer or an officer that had a fucking powerful personal Navy weapon. Where'd he get that anyway?

"What're we going to do with him anyway?" Tucker asked, "That guy could kick our asses and shit before we tie him up. Not to mention Lopez isn't about to allow anyone to touch him or something. I think he's like a gay robot or somethingâ€¦"

"That gross Tucker," Church said, "Look, I'll go interrogate or something like that, you justâ€¦ do what ever it is you do."

"Dude, you could just say continue to do what you're not doing, it's easier like that."

"Whatever," Church said, irritated before pushing past the soldier. Down a ramp or so and a turn, and Church met with the barrack's hall. An entire hallway almost filled with door less bedrooms. The base sure as hell could accompany more than just three or four soldiers.

First three were Church's, Tucker's and Caboose's. The fourth had once been Tex's, but ever since her death it's been vacant. Church wasn't sure why he kept it empty or clean all the time, not letting anyone in or allowing anything there. Some sort of fucking obsession or shit like that.

Lopez had brought the red to the fifth bedroom. Church went there. Inside, Lopez was leaning against the wall, his arms crossed and he looking at the red soldier. The red was in the blue cot, his red armor clashing with the blue lights and interior. Church didn't walk five steps before the robot pulled a M6C at him.

"Nadie molesta a la Madre!" He yelled, still leaning against the wall and aiming the gun like in some action flick or something. Church held up his transparent, armored hands in front of his helmet less face.

"Whoa whoa! I'm not trying to cause trouble," Church said. Lopez kept the gun aimed, but the robot stilled in place. That creepy thing robots did was that they could keep unnaturally still when they wanted. Fucking creepy.

The red stirred in the cot. Church caught a painful groan as the armor moved about like the person was waking from sleep or something.

"God, my fucking head," The red said, sitting up and rubbing the back of his helmet. Lopez looked at him, the gun lowering to a more comforting position. The red looked around, noticing the blue lights and the cot.

"The fuck," He said, "Where- Oh you've gotta be shitting me!"

"Nope," Church said, smugly, "Welcome to blue base, Red."

The red turned his helmet and looked at Church, who was standing with crossed arms, looking rather smug and smirking at the red. The red soldier sighed, shaking his head.

"Fucking hell," He said, swing his armored legs around the edge of the cot, settling his feet on the floor. He tried to get up.

"I don't think so Red," Church said, taking a step forward before being stopped by Lopez with the magnum.

"Contacto madre y tÃ° estÃ;s muerto," Lopez warned, pointing the gun directly at Church's head.

Church wasn't quite sure why he didn't want to get shot or something like that. He's a ghost, he can't get harmed by bullets or grenades or all that. Right? He swallowed his self preservation.

"Bullets can't harm me," He stated. The red sitting on the cot, chuckled darkly.

"I wouldn't want to test that, blue," he said, "you're not superman, Church, you don't need to prove that to me again."

Again? What's he talking about?

"Huh?" Church said, his eyebrows knitted together. Something small in the back of his head said that he should be getting something, remembering something or what not. But there wasn't anything to remember. It was like he was missing something important.

"I know its been a while," the red said, "I don't think you'd recognize me or shit like that."

The red lifted his hands, and for a moment Church thought the red was reaching for the MA5M on his back. But instead, the soldier reached behind his helmet. Church heard something pop, and then air depressurizing. The helmet slid off easily, the soldier holding it in his hands and looking down into it.

Church got an actual look of the red's face. He wasn't particularly handsome and he wasn't like some elven beauty from the sky either. Pale skin from wearing his armor which blocked any sunlight from reaching him, light freckles spread on his cheeks and across his child-like nose, his eyes a dull greenish gray. His hair was a messy crew cut from wearing his helmet, its color some cross between strawberry blond and brown tan.

This guy's face wasn't hardened or anything, some mix of an angular face and a round one. He wasn't the kind of someone you'd spot immediately in a crowd, but he has the kind of face you wouldn't forget easily.

The red half smiled humorlessly when he caught Church looking at his face so carefully. His eyes showing a dead determination and a burnt out hope. The guy was young, possibly in his late teens though looking a bit younger than that, but his eyes seemed much older. For some reason, that dead careless look pained Church to see. Like there was something wrong with it. Something Church didn't like.

"I didn't think I looked that bad," the young man said, chuckling.

"Who are you?"

That question. That single question removed any humor the red might've had, replacing it with shock and possibly horror.

"Excuse me?" the red said, standing up. The guy's short size hadn't changed in the last few months. He had to look up at Church.

"I said Who are you?" Church clarified, "I don't have to spell it out do I?"

That shock turned into confusion.

"I'm Deanis," he said, "Don't you remember me? What, you thought you'd just escape and forget about me or something?"

Escape? Forget? What is he talking about? What is Church supposed to remember?

"I've never seen you in my life," Church said, growing more confused by the minute. Maybe the red mistaken him for someone else. Bullshit, there wasn't another Leonard Church walking around. Was there?

The Red punched the wall, confusing replaced with anger. His face contorted into pure rage. It wasn't a sight Church liked to see. There were small cracks where the guy punched. The red guy, Deanis or whatever, breathed hard like he had just ran a marathon.

"Where were you?" He asked. Church stood dumbfounded.

"Huh?"

"Before you got here!" The guy yelled, "Where the fuck were you?"

"I was stationed at Sidewinder," Church said, irritated. What right did this Deanis have to probe Church's past? Then again, this red wasn't in the particular mind to be denied anything at the moment.

"No No!" Deanis said, "Before that! What do you remember before this bullshit war?"

"I wasâ€¦" Church thought for a moment, he doesn't exactly think about his pre-military life all the time and the memories were illusive for a bit, "â€¦I signed up for the army at Allison's insistence."

The words sound rehearsed, like he was supposed to say them when anyone asked. He didn't understand why, its not like it matters that much. He even said Tex's real name to the red before he realized it. The fuck? What was wrong with him?

"Shit," the red muttered, and then slammed his fist into the wall again and again, repeating the word, "Shit shit shit SHIT!"

"Calm down god!" Church yelled, "What exactly were you looking for? There's hardly anything special." _Besides the fact that I'm a fucking ghost talking to some identify crazed red._

"FUCK!" Deanis yelled and then turned on him, in some sort of manic rage, "You didn't escape did you? Fuck they did have their way! Fuck Fuck Fuck!"

What the hell is he blabbing about?

"That's why! That's why!" He continued his mad rant, "The reason you don't remember me, the reason you aren't going crazy, the same fucking reason you hadn't made your presence known to me! FUCK!" The red slammed both his fists into the wall.

"God damn it," the rage was drained from the red, and he breathed slowly but haggardly, "this isn't fucking rightâ€¦ not fuckingâ€¦"

The red turned from the wall, stooped down and snatched his fallen helmet and then replaced the red helm on his head. There was a sharp click, and air reseeded from the helmet. He began to walk from the cot and out of the room.

"Hold it!" Church said, "Just where the fuck are you going?"

"Away," the Deanis guy replied, sounded almost totally drained, "I can't take anything right now, leave me alone," he added, "Come on Lopez."

The droid didn't hesitate at the order as they walked. Church stood. The fuck? First the guy mistakes him and then goes on some fucking crazy rampage, and then thinks he can just walk away hands free? Along with Church's stolen body? No Fucking way.

Church ran into the hall. He spotted the Red and Lopez walking down to the ramp up. Without thinking anything through, or knowing exactly what he was doing, Church ran to them. His foot falls silently.

Lopez, of course, noticed him first.

"Madre, Â¡Cuidado! El alfa!" the robot yelled. The red turned around, too late.

"Wha-"

The sentence went unfinished. Church's ghostly form slammed into the Red's body, causing it to jerk back and then fall forward.

And then there was silence.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

****Kepi**** - Adaptations and variations of the 1858 U.S. Army forage cap were colloquially and generally referred to as kepis. In American Civil War use, it most often implied the Zouave-, chasseur-, or McClellan-pattern cap. Kepis are the hats most closely associated

with Civil War service.

****Yep, we get to see what Deanis looks like. The only reason she's referred to as a guy in this chapter is because Church doesn't know she's a chick. That's right, ladies and gentlemen, this is under Third Person Point of View with Church.****

****A little Alpha thing going on here.****

****Now, I thought logically. If the FREELANCER project was going to put the Alpha in a robot body, they'd have to do things so that no one would notice Right? So that meant that they'd have to program him to say certain things and to make sure that not even Church himself believed to be the Alpha even if the evidence is right there in front of him. At least, that's how I like to think of it.****

****By the way, next chapter everyone will get to see what Deanis's mind looks like.****

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 5 - Without your Kepi.
>**

6. Chapter 6 Mind Matters, Stupid

****Author's Note.****

****A chapter 6. How wonderful.****

****Now we take a peak into what Deanis's mind looks like, with Church again. Can't wait, can you?
>**

*** * ***

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><p>Chapter 6 " Mind Matters, Stupid

Church didn't exactly plan to enter the body of the red, nor did he plan the effects. Before he could take control, something large and shapeless slammed into him. He couldn't see what it was, all that he knew was that the body seemed to reject him but didn't have the energy or the focus to force him out.

The original consciousness, however, didn't have any trouble about being made aware about Church's presence. It also didn't have any trouble pushing him away. Church knew that his consciousness was

fading from control, but that didn't mean he wasn't about to take the red's consciousness down with him.

Church found himself in a concretion of memories, no longer seeing the outside world. He was being pushed into the inter world within the red. The working mind and memory was this domain. If only Church realized that early enough.

He was falling. The sensation was real enough, and the images filled the lack there of. Church was now falling down a long, cave like tunnel. Many different things by past him, books of fantasy and horror, pictures of people he didn't know, and even bullet shells.

Church almost felt like Alice in Alice in Wonderland, the girl that followed the rabbit and fell down the rabbit hole. While he wasn't Alice, he sure as hell wasn't following some white rabbit. The tunnel started spinning, until the rock turned into dust and wind.

Oh what now?

It felt like he was in a twister, twirling him around and around. Like falling down a tunnel wasn't bad enough. Now it was just fucking with him. This cyclone like tunnel moved him this way and that, up and down, left and right. Until he couldn't take it anymore.

"**THAT'S ENOUGH!**" Church screamed. He forced himself steady, using his anger as a pedestal to draw power from. The twister ceased, the wind losing energy and finally the cyclone drifted away. There was nothing but sky now, and gravity. Before Church could think, he was falling again. This time, it ended in a meeting with dirt.

Church pulled his face from the ground, spitting out the dirt and rocks that had unintended entered his mouth. It didn't taste like dirt though. Why he should care if it tasted like dirt or not? But it bugged him.

He stood, brushed himself off, and noticed that he wasn't transparent anymore. In fact, he was totally solid. He pinched his face. Yep, Grade-A flesh.

Even his armor was different, a strange cross of cobalt blue, sapphire and white. Strange.

Church looked around him, and was struck with dumb. He was in Blood Gulch, but it seemed different somehow. Details weren't as sharp, the grass wasn't as defined, only the colors seemed right on the mark.

Where was he? This sure as hell wasn't the Blood Gulch he knew.

He looked at it entirely. The cliffs seemed larger than they should, the sky was a bit darker blue than it should, but the bases were where they should be. Before he could move to check anything out, someone stopped him.

"Freeze!" Church turned to the voice's owner. It that soldier clad in pink, that chick or something. It didn't sound like a chick though. It sounded like a guy. Church reached up, and barley brushed the butt

of his sniper when the pink soldier fired.

"I said Freeze!" The pink guy said, that shot just short millimeters missed Church's foot.

"Okay, geezâ€|" Church muttered. The pink guy was satisfied enough to loosen his grip on the pistol he held.

"Hey guys!" The pink soldier yelled, suddenly excited and not using that tough voice he had used. _That guy was faking it?_ "I got one!"

Almost out of no where, three other soldiers came. Maroon clad, Orange clad, and Red clad. Church knew each of them, Simmons, Grif and Sarge immediately. He wasn't sure how, it was like something had downloaded the names into his head.

"Hello dirt-bag," Sarge greeted, with a shotgun barrel in Church's face. Another strange feeling, and Church knew things about this guy he wouldn't have gotten from just spying on him all day.

****Red Army Staff Sergeant, Military Career 32 years, has scar above right eyebrow, never hits girls, hates Grif, built Lopez, former ODST****. Church didn't know where the information had come from, only that he knew.

"He landed here Sarge," the pink guy said, "Another stranger like that other one."

Church had another feeling.

****Franklin Delano Donut, Private, Rookie, has feminine tendencies, scar on scalp from grenade to the helmet, was a loner in high school, lived on a farm, andâ€|****

Church broke the chain of information, or at least dented it. He didn't want to know everything, but he couldn't exactly just stop everything all together.

Waitâ€| Other one? Someone else was here?

"Hold a minute," Church said, careful of the shotgun still point-black into his face, "Some else other than me was here?"

"Yeah," Grif said. ****Dexter Grif, ocean planet, lazy, insubordinate, hate- _STOP_****, "You didn't see those claw marks?"

Claw marks?

Grif pointed to behind Church. Church turned, and was surprised if not a bit horrified. On the cliffs, were four very large crevices. They were deep and defined, like someone did in fact draw claws on the cliffs of the canyon.

"They're still healing," Simmons said. ****Richard "Dick" Simmons, kiss-ass, second in command, emotional, has father issues, a whiz with****- ****SHUT UP****_-.

"Healing?" Church asked. The entire Red team nodded. Church couldn't

believe that a canyon could "heal", then again, nothing really made sense here.

"Yeah that last guy that was here was really mean," Donut explained, "He like, wanted to control or find something. So Deanis pushed him back, he didn't like that so he damaged the canyon. He was really rude too."

"Who was he?" Church asked.

"We don't really know that," Simmons said, "But Deanis would. You should ask her."

Her?

"Where is Deanis?" Church asked, red team hesitated.

"Well," Simmons spoke up, "She's at blue base right now, but she doesn't really want to be disturbed. She is pretty mad that you're here though."

She? Wait, Deanis is a chick?

"Well, take me to her," Church said, there was more hesitation and then somebody answered.

"I will," a monotone voice said from next to Church. Church turned his head to find a soldier around his height, in tan armor with a wrench on his combat belt. Lopez?

"Lopez?" Church asked. The droid nodded.

"That is correct," he replied in a monotone voice.

"You're speaking English," Church pointed out.

"Deanis does not know Spanish well enough to speak it," Lopez explained.

Deanis. Deanis. Why is everyone talking about that guy?

"Come, I will lead you," Lopez said and walked to blue base before Church could say anything. Reluctant and having a lack of options, Church followed the now English speaking robot.

Church was trying to make sense of everything here. First thing, where's the sun? There was always a sun in the sky, but instead there was nothing but blue skies. How on earth is it day light then? And then there are the scars on the canyon that are supposedly healing, not to mention the fact that there had been someone else here before Church.

Everything seemed so hectic. He didn't understand what was going on. Instead, he focused on following Lopez to Blue base.

The closer he got, the more he noticed. Blue base seemed blurry, incomplete even, though Church didn't understand why. When he had looked at the red base here, it was perfectly clear, why was Blue base blurry? Lopez walked inside, Church hesitated before venturing.

The insides were dark, and Church half got the feeling that he was walking on air instead of concrete ground. Everything seemed to swirl and bend. It was like someone had gotten a bad picture of blue base and was going on from there. Lopez didn't seem afraid. Then again, what droid was?

There was some solidness. Lopez led Church into the staff meeting room, which was clear as crystal, except that the lights seem to keep changing from red to blue. Lopez stopped.

"Hey," Church said, "Exactly what is going on here? Where am I and why is my base so fucked up?"

Lopez turned to face Church.

"She said you wouldn't realize what you did," Lopez said in that monotoned voice, "It is kind of hard to believe."

"Better start believing buddy."

"I am not your buddy," Lopez said. Church shrugged.

"So where is this Deanis?"

"I do not know," Lopez said, "I can not reach her."

"So we made this trip out for fucking nothing?" Church yelled. Why the fuck is everyone jerking him around?

"Not for nothing," A distinctly familiar voice said. Church knew that voice. His voice. Church whipped around, to find someone in clad rookie blue armor. He thought it was Caboose, but Caboose was shorter than Church, not as tall.

The Blue soldier reached up and released the air seals on his helmet. He took it down, and it was like Church was looking through a mirror. That blue guy was another Church, with only slight differences. Church had brown eyes, the other Church's were a shining sapphire blue. The Other Church had a knowing, tired look about him. Church's mouth gaped.

"I expect that reaction," Other Church said, the helmet in his hands disappearing in his hands.

"You'reâ€|"

"You?" Other Church finished for him, "Well duh."

"Fucking A," Church said, starching the top of his head. The Other Church sounded like him, looked like him, and all that. But there was something more to the Other Church, something complete even. Other Church smirked.

"She figured it out the hard way," Other Church said, "When she knew that I couldn't remember her. Deanis wasn't happy."

"What're you talking about?" Church demanded. Other Church lost the smirk.

"When I say 'I', I'm talking about you," Other Church said. That doesn't make any fucking sense.

"How do you know that?"

"I am you," Other Church said, his arm crossed across his chest. He looked less disappointed and more tired, more understanding.

"That's it," Church said, "Someone better tell me what the fuck is going on, Where the hell am I? Who are you people? Why are there two me's?" Other Church sighed, releasing his arms and striding to Church until they stood face to face.

"You're in Deanis's mind, Church," Other Church said, "Everything you've seen, everyone you've met are merely mental images. It's how Deanis sees the world, Church."

"Then why is blue base so screwy?"

"Because she hasn't exactly spent two years here," Other Church said, shrugging.

"Okay look," Church said, "Tell me who the fuck Deanis is? All I know is he some dumbass red that ranted about some bullshit about remembering."

Other Church took a stern look.

"First off," Other Church started, "Deanis is a chick, I don't see how the fuck you people miss that, especially you," Other Church pointed at Church, "Second off, You knew her before you got sent to some backwater place in the middle of nowhere."

"And how the fuck did I know 'her'?" Church demanded. Other Church opened his mouth, but something stopped him from saying anything. It was like he was being told something no one could hear. Other Church straightened up.

"I guess I can't tell you that," Other Church said, "Yet."

"Why the fuck not?"

"Issues," That was what he said when he pulled a familiar looking pistol out. It was a M6D. If all this was Deanis's mind, then that must be

"Her pistol," Other Church supplied and pointed it at Church, "I'll remind you of a few things before I send you on your way. One, Deanis is about the only chick you can trust for the moment, experiences have told me. Two, when you're in someone's mind like this, everything they know you can know, and everything you feel, they can feel and finally," Other Church started to look pained, "I would look pretty close on that so called Ex-Girlfriend of yours, she isn't the woman you once knew."

"What're you-" Church didn't finish. Other Church pulled the trigger, and the bullet shot right through Church's head.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

Mind over Matter - A lot of military training leads you to believe this phrase.

Church meets Church. Funny huh?

Technically, our Church just met Deanis's Memory of the Alpha. So, he basically just met who he was before he like broke down or something. The blue armor and the M6D should be hints on that.

The fact that both their eyes are different colors refers to Luke McKay's artwork. The full body portraits see Church having brown eyes, while the comic portions have blue eyes. So, I put that in the story, making that when Church like goes "Alpha" on your ass, his eyes are blue while in normal circumstances their brown. Fun little thing to know.

Reason why Mr. Alpha didn't tell Church jack shit... Well, I don't want to spoil the fun for our little "misguided" AI. I like him too much to give things up so easily. That's right Ladies and Gentlemen, I am a Leonard Church lover.

Read, Review, Whatever.

Chapter 6 - Mind Matters, Stupid.
>

7. Chapter 7 They're no Zouaves

Author's Note.

Hey, back again.

By the way, I do have a Deviant art account. There aren't many picture there yet, so... yeah.
>

* * *

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All Flamers and of the such can kiss Sarge's ass.

* * *

><p>Chapter 7 " They're No Zouaves

Deanis awoke with a dizzying headache and Lopez looking down on her. She was on the floor. How- Oh. Church. Deanis sat up. She was still fucking pissed about it all, the fact that Church had ultimately failed in escaping from THEM. Or the fact that he let himself be

broken down orâ€|

She didn't finish the thought. She knew what she wanted to say, wanted to think. She wanted to hate him for not coming back for her. Butâ€| She knew it wasn't his fault. It was hard to accept, but it was true. It wasn't his fault, and it wasn't hers.

"Madre que estÃ© despierto!" Lopez said, holding out his hand for her. Deanis gratefully took it. His armor plating was painted, she could see it visibly. Some of the paint was chipping off though, in small flakes. It revealed the tan armor underneath.

She was still in blue base, of course. Deanis should've known better than to just walk out. Church wasn't the kind of guy to just sit idly like that and watch stuff like that happen. His experiences with that girlfriend of his had taught him enough.

Deanis didn't take a step forward when Church reappeared. He was confused, frightened and pissed all at the same time.

"-Fucking doing?" He said. Deanis didn't understand if he was finishing a sentence or starting one. It took a few seconds before Church realized that he was still transparent and that he was in blue base.

"Love fucking around in my head don't you?" Deanis said sarcastically. Church noticed her, and man was he mad.

"The fuck!" He yelled, "You just put me through a brain twister and back woman!" There was a pause, "You are a woman right?"

"No Shit Sherlock," Deanis said pissed off and tired, she placed her hands on her hips, "What was your first clue?"

Church was about to say something, and then decided against it for some reason. He was acting weirdâ€| When isn't he acting weird? Deanis scoffed and walked forward. Church blocked her way.

"No way Red," He said, "You're not moving until I get some fucking answers."

"What answers," Deanis said boredly.

"Don't you fucking play that!" Church yelled, "Like how the fuck do you know me?"

"Even if I told you every significant detail," Deanis said, "You'd never believe me."

"Try me."

"I can and it'll fail," Deanis said, sighing, "Look, just trust me that you're not what you seem."

Deanis tried to storm off when someone interrupted her storming. Coming down the ramp was the soldier clad in teal armor. He carried a MA5B in one hand.

"Hey Church," He said, "you done with the interrogation or something? We really need to get that tank fixed." He stopped when he spotted

the red.

Shit.

"Freeze red!" The teal guy said, lifting and aiming his rifle. If Deanis tried to move, she'd be shot. Shit.

"Tucker hold it," Church said, "Don't shoot her."

"Fuck that man he-"This Tucker stopped dead, "Her? That guy's a chick?"

"OH FOR THE LOVE OF FUCK!" Deanis yelled at the top of her lungs, "Yes I'm a Chick! What is wrong with you people?"

"But you look like a guy," Tucker said, "You're telling me that the next toughest guy to Red team's sergeant-"

"-Isn't a guy at all and that I'm a chick," Deanis interrupted and finished. She was sick of having this conversation.

"Well, what ever the hell you are," Tucker said, "You're our prisoner now."

"That sounds so wrong."

"Bow-Chicka-Bow-wow."

"Tucker," Church said, "Shut up."

Much to Lopez's dismay, Deanis's wrists were bounded by the same wire that had tied Grif all those months ago. She realized just how thick and strong it was, she couldn't pull free. She did calm Lopez down from her sentence as a POW, though now the robot refused to go anywhere else than being with her. He was like a child, following a parent around.

Tucker and Church had to drag Deanis out to the tank to make sure that Lopez followed to do what they wanted. Fixing the tank.

"Alright, that's the deal mister Robot," Church explained, "You fix our tank, we let you and your 'friend' go free."

They were near the tank now, hopefully Red team would spot them. Deanis didn't particularly like having her hands bound. She also wanted some time for herself, to think or something. Justâ€¦ She didn't want to be around Church at the moment.

"Â¿Donde va ir? Incluso mis amigos intentaron matarme," Lopez said, almost sorrowful in that monotoned voice of his. Deanis didn't know, but she got a lump in her throat.

"Okay," Church said, "I'm gonna take that as a yes and let you get busy with the tank fixing."

"No tengo ninguna casa," Lopez said. The robot took one look at Deanis, and began working.

That grenade had set off the operating systems, not to mention the

fact that the consol within the tank was shot and the fuel line was damaged. Lopez certainly had his work cut out for him, then again, Deanis knew the more impossible feats when Lopez or Sarge had power tools.

She wasn't sure how long it really took, maybe a couple of hours or something. What ever the case, Lopez worked fast and efficiently. During that while, Deanis noticed that the blue guy, Caboose, kept on looking glances at her. She felt a cold gaze coming from him.

The blue soldier moved past Deanis, almost touching her in the process. He stood closer to the tank, Deanis was struck dumb. There was a sharp, electrical feel that surrounded his armor. Something very dark, and very angry. A hateful aura, something she remembered had been around the Freelancer. Did the blue guy have something to do with that Freelancer? Did he have an AI or something?

Caboose started becoming impatient. He actually started hopping up and down like an impatient child.

"Hurry hurry hurry, fix the tank!" He said, and stopped hopping, "So that I can say hello to Sheila," Then added in an unnaturally dark and deep voice, "***And start killing everyone!***"

"You mean all the reds right?" Tucker asked.

"Of course!" Caboose said, in a normal voice and then added in that same dark voice, "***For starters!***"

"Come on, how much longer Lopez?" Church said, boredly. Lopez looked up from his work, he flipped something in the Tank's console and jumped from it.

"Completo," Lopez said, as the tank's lights flashed on. The robot stood in front of Deanis, trying to act as a shield if the tank started to target again.

"Thank you for activating the M808V Main Battle Tank," A soft, polite female voice came from the tank. The same voice that kept saying "Firing Main Cannon" several months back.

"Sheila! You're fixed, you're fixed!" Caboose said ecstatic. He really likes that tank.

"Hello Private Caboose," The tank, Shelia, greeted, "It is good to see you again. Thank you for repairing me."

"He didn't fix you," Tucker explained, "Our robot did it."

"***Don't cock-block me!***" Caboose said in that dark, creepy voice.

"Dude, come on."

"Robot?" Shelia asked, "I wasn't aware our squad was outfitted with a robot."

That's when Lopez actually looked at the tank, the tank's barrel to Lopez. Deanis could practically hear that slushy gushy dramatic love music. It seems Lopez has just discovered something very, very

specialâ€|

"I don't like where this is going," Caboose mumbled.

"Hello there. My name is Sheila," Shelia introduced themselves, "The M808V Main Battle Tank."

"Y estoy LÃ³pez, la pesado," Lopez returned, actually bowing as if inviting the tank to a dance. Deanis was trying not to crack up, and felt relieved when her helmet did in fact block all view of her red face.

"Lopez, what a nice name for such a nice soldier," Shelia complimented, "You have such excellent motor skills."
>"Erm yes, well Lopez has to go now," Caboose cut in, awkwardly and jealously, "He was just here to help me fix you and now he has to go away!"<p>

Lopez shot the blue soldier a look, and Deanis was glad that Sarge didn't decide to actually put lasers in Lopez's eyes instead of flashlights.

"Dude, this is getting weird," Tucker said, "Church will you take your fucking body back?"

Uh oh.

"Roger that."

"Hold a minute!" Deanis said, too late.

"No!" Lopez yelled, as Church entered him,
"Heauegerkergerk!"

Something went wrong. Lopez started twitching uncontrollably. Deanis thought that maybe resistance to Church probably had set him off the edge or fired his wires or something.

"You okay there Church? Church, hey what's going on?" Tucker asked, and then suggested, "Do I need to flip your switch?"

"What the-?" Church suddenly appeared next to Deanis, "That wasn't me. What the hell's going on here?"

"Well, buenos dias cockbites," said a familiar female voice coming from Lopez, "Guess who's back!"

* * *

><p>Trivia.

****Zouaves****** - ****Civil war units known for their colorful uniforms and bravery.**

****Hey Hey Hey, Its Teee-xas!****

****I bet everyone is wondering the samething, "If Deanis knows the Alpha, then she and Tex must have some history right?". Well, to tell in truth, Deanis knows about the Freelancers and even a little about Tex, mainly the part about her being an AI and all that but they've**

actually never met. The things she knows about Tex were actual told to her by the Alpha himself way back when.**

But that doesn't mean a thing. I'll let you all in on a little secret. Texas is the reason why Deanis is mix up in this in the first place. Sounds familiar doesn't it?

Read, Review, Whatever.

Chapter 7 - They're no Zouaves

8. Chapter 8 Reserve for Future Research

Author's Note.

Make up Chapter for everyone keeping up with the story. Keep up the Reviews, I lov 'em

* * *

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><p>Chapter 8 â€" Reserve for Further Research

Deanis stiffened at the voice of the dead Freelancer. It was bad enough that Church was exposed to god and everybody and now someone else has taken the fray with him. This Tex, this Allison, Deanis had triedâ€|

No. Not the time to bring that up.

"Get out of my body right now Tex!" Church demanded, getting near the possessed Lopez's face.

"Your body?" Tex said, "This isn't your body, I stole it."

"Yeah, but I stole it first."

"I am confused," Shelia said, "I thought your name was Lopez. And I thought you were a man. This is all so strange. I feel like my circuits are crossed, and I like it."

"**I know how to get her out of there**," Caboose said in that darkly voice again, "***Wink**."

"Caboose, don't. Look just go explain to Sheila, okay?" Church said, "Alright Tex, now what's it gonna take to get you out of there?"

Tex didn't answer. The Freelancer was staring at Deanis, making the Red generally uncomfortable.

"What is the red doing here?" Tex asked.

"Huh?"

"The Red, Church."

"Oh," Church looked at Deanis and then back at Tex, "Sh-he's our prisoner."

"Right," Tex said sarcastically, "sure."

"Look, can we get back to the body," Church said, frustrated.

"Fine," Tex said, "ever since I've been a ghost I've been watching you guys a lot."

"Whoa, when you say you've been watching us, does that mean you've been watching us all the time?" Tucker asked.

"Yes Tucker, and you should be very ashamed of yourself."

There was a pause.

"It's very lonely out here..." Tucker said.

"Anyway, I've noticed a change in one of your guys," Tex continued, "Caboose."

"A change? Like what?" Church said, "He's finally learned the whole alphabet?"

"You haven't noticed that he's been increasingly aggressive lately?" Tex asked.

"I have," Tucker said, "Started about the same time Sheila got disabled you got blown up. I tried to tell Church but he never listens."

"Tucker, there's a very fine line between not listening and not caring. I like to think I walk that line every day of my life," Church said.

"I had just finished repairing the tank when I overheard Church's plan to warn the reds about me," Tex explained, "From what I could tell, the AI calculated the odds of survival and didn't like the results. The AI actually turned on my radio and called someone."

"Called someone?" Church asked, "Like who? Caboose?"

"No, they weren't on blue team," Tex said, "They were on red team."

"Who'd wanna call anyone on red team?" Tucker said.

"Know any one Red?" Tex asked Deanis. The Freelancer knew. Deanis

sighed, she wasn't in the position to think of some clever or bullshit lie.

"I don't know how the AI even got my number," Deanis said, "Like I know what it really wanted with me anyway. All I know is that it wanted information, and I didn't let it, and then some dumbass opened a radio channelâ€¦"

"That was probably Caboose," Church said.

"And he probably started calling himself O'Malley after that," Tucker said, "So the AI that was in you two infected Caboose?"

"Right, everyone's armor has a slot for AI and Caboose's would've been vacant," Church said.

"I think there are a few of his non-artificial slots that are empty too," Tucker muttered.

"And before I could figure out what happened, that bitch hit with a really lucky shot!" Tex continued. Deanis said something under breath about Donut having a really good arm. "And the next thing I know, I'm a ghost."

"Alright, I get it," Church said, crossing his arms across his chest, "Caboose has your precious little AI. So let me guess, you're holding my body hostage until I help you get your AI back, right?"

"Wrong," Tex said, "You're gonna help me kill it."

"How in hell are you guys going to kill it?" Deanis asked, "Its not like you're equipped with an **EMP** or anything."

Tex looked at her again.

"And I don't see how a grunt knows so much," She said, looking into Deanis's visor.

"Church knows a lot about that precious project," Deanis countered, "It isn't as confidential as you think."

"Look guys," Church started, "This is not the time for an argument. Let's stick to the part about getting my body back."

Tex sighed raggedly.

"I don't remember much from the implantation process," She explained, "I do remember that the AI can be transmitted from host to host by way of the helmet radios. Before I learned anything else, the AI took over and we escaped. If we can kill the AI and not give it a place to jump, we'll beat it!"

"And then I can have my body back," Church said, "deal?"

"Deal." Tex nodded.

"Alright," Church continued, "Tex and I will possess Caboose then. Deanis, I'm reluctant to ask this, but can you convince your team to shut off their radios?"

"I can try," Deanis replied.

"Tucker you help her."

"What?" Tucker exclaimed, "Why the hell should I do that?"

"Because if Deanis can't convince her team, you'll need a back up strategy," Church explained.

"How the hell AM I gonna do that?"

"I don't know. Come up with a plan."

"Come on, you know how I feel about plans."

"You guys aren't gonna have much time once we get in there, so move fast," Tex warned.

"Oh, I see," Tucker said, "You have no idea what we should do or how we should do it but what we do we should do it fast?"

"Yeah that's right," Said Church.

"Yep," Said Tex.

"Real helpful," Deanis said, sarcasm dripping from her voice. Church turned away from them.

"Okay Tex," Church said, "Ladies first."

"Yeah right!" Tex said, "You think I'm gonna leave you alone out here with your body?"

Church mumbled something Deanis didn't quite catch.

"Nice try, Leonard."

"Hey Caboose!" Church said, the blue rookie turned around.

"Huh?"

"Heads up!" Church dashed to Caboose, and his transparent being entered the blue soldier. Something then left Lopez. It wasn't the big bulky black armored soldier that Deanis remembered, this soldier was an inch or so taller than Deanis. Clearly female, with out a helmet, this woman radiated a war-like beauty contributed to Amazons.

Even though transparent, Tex's features were more noticeable than Church's, probably because she was a complete "person". Red hair that was mid-neck and curled at the jaw line, bright green determined eyes, full lips and a beauty mark to complete this soldier. Deanis couldn't help but compare the Freelancer to the Greek Goddess Athena. Which in a sense was true, Athena sprung from the head of Zeus, just like Tex in a strange way.

The Freelancer took one look at Deanis, and then entered Caboose.

"**Nooooâ€|**." Caboose said in that darkly voice.

"Whoa," Tucker said, "Is anybody in there?"

"This kind of thing is hard to get used to," Deanis explained, "Now, could you cut these wires? They're digging into my wrists."

A figure appeared next to Deanis, took the wires and broke them with ease. Deanis turned her head, to find a helmet with chipping cobalt paint. Lopez.

"Thanks," Deanis said, rubbing her armored wrists.

"De nada," Lopez replied and then led Deanis to the tank, Shelia.

"Shelia, esto es madre," Lopez introduced. Deanis nodded at the tank.

"Hello," Sheila greeted, "It is nice to met Lopez's mother, how are you?"

"I'm fine- wait what?"

Lopez's What? Lopez's Mother? That's what he's been calling me all this time?_ Deanis stood perplexed at the sudden realization that Lopez thought that Deanis was apparently his parent.

"It's just that this place is a whole lot bigger than I thought it was gonna be," Caboose suddenly said nearby.

"Caboose, are you okay buddy?" Tucker asked.

"This place is a lot bigger than I thought it would be," Caboose repeated. He didn't seem to notice Tucker or really anyone.

"O-kay," Tucker said, "I'm gonna take Sheila, the red chick and Lopez and figure out a way to get the reds to shut off their radios."

"Where should we start Tex?" Caboose said.

"What?"

"Don't bother Blue," Deanis said, "I don't think even think Caboose realizes you're there."

"I don't think he realized to begin with."

"Just one thing though," Deanis said, "Hopefully my team won't totally freak out when they see us coming."

* * *

><p>Trivia.

Reserve - Part of the army which were withheld from fighting during a particular battle but ready and available to fight if necessary.

****EMP**** - ElectroMagnetic Pulse. An EMP can occur naturally from certain activity on the surface of the sun. It can also be created via nuclear explosions. The effects are that a brief but extremely high voltage spike will occur, rendering much of the electronics worthless.

****Note about the EMP, I'm actually looking it up and everything to see if there's a way for the technology affected by the pulse could be brought back online. Let's face it, We all love Church too much to let him go and dissappear forever.****

****The Next Chapter will be with Church again, this time in Caboose's mind. We'll see how Caboose portrays Deanis won't we?****

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 8 - Reserve for Future Research**
>

9. Chapter 9 Hiya, Mista C

****Author's Note.****

****Everyone who's watched a certain legendary Sitcom that rained for 11 years from the mid-70s to the mid-80s should get the references I'm putting here.****

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><p>Chapter 9 " Hiya, Mista C

When Church entered Caboose, he was more prepared this time. But he quickly found that Caboose had no mental defenses against foreign minds like Deanis had, no tunnels or twisters or anything. In stead of just possessing Caboose, Church decided to reside from the front of the consciousness. While this did give motor control back to Caboose, Church had more important things to handle.

It didn't take long, but it did take a lot before Church entered Caboose's mind and inner world.

This inner world wasn't as open as Deanis's was. There was no sky, no version of Blood Gulch. In fact, it looked like Church was in a very very large metal room with all sorts of nooks and crannies.

Tex then appeared beside him. She was small and helmet less, about half a head shorter than Church. Her face hadn't changed since they

both entered the army. Other Church's warning flashed through Church's head.

I would look pretty close on that so called Ex-Girlfriend of yours, she isn't the woman you once knew

Church didn't know what the look-a-like meant, and he didn't exactly want to find out. Something told him he wouldn't like what he found anyway.

"Where are we?" Church said, examining that they were on a walk way, a ramp nearby.

"We're inside Caboose's mind!" Tex said, "Now we just have to find O'Malley and kill him."

"Man this is kind of weird," Church said. When he was in Deanis's mind, it felt like someone was inside his own head just as he was, giving an endless supply of information and making Church feel a little cramped. Here, however, was a mass of empty space and no information on anything went through Church's skull.

"It's hard to get used to, I know."

"No it's not that," Church said, "It's just that this place is a whole lot bigger than I thought it was gonna be."

"Huh?"

"I said," Church repeated, "This place is a lot bigger than I thought it would be. So where should we start Tex?"

"What?" Tex asked. _What was with her? Why is she so distracted?_

"I said where should we start Tex?"

"Just keep your eyes peeled," Tex said, "I guarantee O'Malley will come looking for us."

Something came up from behind Tex. Someone quite familiar. Clad in aqua armor, Tucker stood from behind. He seemedâ€ Different, but nothing was in or out of place. He didn't get to see Tucker in Deanis's mind.

"Hey Tucker! Is that you?" Church asked.

"No, what're you stupid?" Tucker said, his voice was slightly slurred, "Oh wait yes, I am me. I guess I'm stupid."

"What're you doing in here? You're supposed to be out there working on your part of the plan!" Church thought for a painful second that Deanis had killed Tucker and now Tucker's ghost was in Caboose's mind as well.

"Do you have any food?" Tucker said, "I love to eat all the food."

"What the hell?" _Has Death made him crazy?_ "What's the matter with you?"

"This isn't really Tucker," Tex said, "We're in Caboose's head, this is Caboose's mental image of Tucker."

"Man, I am so unbelievably stupid!" Tucker said behind Tex.

"Oh that's great, everyone we meet in here is bound to be as brain dead as Caboose, then," Church said, gesturing to the Mental Tucker.

"I wouldn't be so sure of that, Mister Church," A familiar but yet strange toned voice said from behind Church. Church turned around, to see a helmet less, smaller soldier.

It was Caboose. But it didn't seem like the Caboose Church would know. He looks the same, short blond hair, freckles that spread across the nose, bright blue eyes. But he wasn't as childish. This young eighteen-year-old's eyes were filled with knowledge and wisdom, not the childish wonder that Caboose usual had.

"Caboose?"

"Yes," Caboose said in a refined sort of voice, "How are you today?"

"Caboose," Church repeated, "How the hell are you here too?"

Church knew this was Caboose's mind, but fuck. Shouldn't Caboose be acting like he did in the real world? Church hadn't had any experience with dealing with the person who owns the mind. He never got to meet Deanis in her own mind, sure as hell met himself though. If Other Church could be considered himself.

"I see," Caboose said, ignoring Church's question, "so you're from the outside. That's where the other is from as well."

The reds in Deanis's mind also talked about something like that. Church being a stranger. What a minuteâ€| Other. The Other Reds said that there had been someone else in Deanis's mind, and didn't Deanis say that O'Malley paid her mind a visit?

"The other? Wait you mean O'Malley? Have you seen him?" Church asked. Someone else spoke up.

"Of course he's seen him you idiot!" A cobalt blue soldier came up from behind Caboose, "You think Mister Caboose would miss something like that, you skeezy douche bag fuck!"

"Alright, hold on a second. Who the hell are you?" Church asked this new person. It was as tall as Caboose, and spoke in a higher pitched voice than Church's. Oh you have got to be fucking kidding me.

"My name is Church, butt wiping ass munch!" This Church replied. This Church wasn't like the Church of Deanis's mind, this one wasâ€|

"This guy is kind of an asshole," Church whispered.

"Yeah," Tex replied, "we've met."

"And I'm Caboose's best friend, so don't get any ideas about kissing

up, you lip licking fuck suck!" Mental Church continued.

"Okay, there was a lot of stuff in that sentence that I didn't like," Church said, glaring at Caboose's 'Church'.

"Just play along Church," Tex whispered, "We're gonna need these guys if we're gonna find O'Malley."

"I'm gonna go look for girls!" Mental Tucker said, and dashed off somewhere. Church sighed.

"Fine, whatever," Church said.

"If you want to find O'Malley, I suggest we talk to the reds first. He tried to recruit them against me early on," Mental Caboose explained.

"The Reds?" Church asked, "The Reds are in here?"

Maybe Deanis is in here too. Hopefully Caboose got her rightâ€¦ Fuck that, everyone's a dumbass in here.

"We'll split up into groups, and be on the look out for O'Malley," Tex said, "He might be with the reds. Church you go with that Church."

"What? No!"

"Church."

Another moment's pausing.

"Fine."

Mental Caboose and Tex went to one side of the surface while Church and Mental Church the other.

"Why the hell did they pair me up with you?" Church asked.

"I want to keep my eye on you," Mental Church said, "I don't trust turds trying to steal my best friend you rimjob!"

"Well, this is going to be a great trip," Church muttered. He still can't believe that Caboose pictured him as a profane idiot. Mental Church walked closer to the edge.

"Attention reds!" Mental Church yelled, "The great Caboose demands an audience with you! So listen up you blow jobbing cocksuckers!"

>From ground level, the floor was covered in small walls. Out from behind one, came a clad maroon soldier. It supposed to be Simmons, but the mental person was exaggerated. The clad maroon armor was very thin and lanky. He was also awkward in his stumbling.<p>

"Caboose? Oh no, he's come to kill us!" Mental Simmons cried. Another person, in clad yellow armor, came from behind another wall. This one was exaggeratedly fat.

"Would someone please help me, I don't want to die!" Mental Grif cried. Then there was another, this one in clad pink with curves in

all the right places.

"I love Caboose, and yet I'm so afraid of him!" Said the mental, _Female_ Donut. Next up was a rough man that had the Jolly Roger symbol on his shoulder platings.

"Argh, I be having a southern accent, your luck," Mental Sarge said with a pirate accent instead of what he claimed. Church looked for a fourth. The mental Deanis was no where to be seen. Church was about to ask where she was when he heard something behind him.

"Ayyyyy!" The voice was so entirely unfamiliar that Church nearly fell off the standing surface. He turned to find a red soldier about Church's height. Despite all protests, Church just found the Mental Deanis.

"Deanis?"

"I prefer the name the Denz," Mental Deanis said. The Deanis of Caboose mind was like the mental Donut, a reverse in gender and in personality. Mental Deanis spoke in some strange accent mix of a New Jersey accent and a Brooklyn accent.

"You from the outside too?" Mental Deanis or "The Denz" said, "That's cool. Everything seems to be going freaking nutso around here."

Uh, Nutso?

"He's so scary!" Mental Donut said from below. Mental Deanis pointed at her.

"Don't worry my little flower," Mental Deanis said, "Nothin's gonna happen with the Denz around." Church saw the mental Donut swooning for the Mental Deanis. Fucking weird.

"Fear not reds," Mental Caboose said, "I come here not to destroy but instead to ask for your assistance on this day."

"Okay whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa, I gotta correct a few things I'm hearing here," Church said, "First of all you" He pointed at the Mental Church, "you're not Caboose's best friend, okay? You don't have a best friend, ya know why? You don't need one! You're Church! Knowing other people just waters down the experience. Live the dream buddy."

"Shove it, dick sniffer!" Mental Church cursed.

"And Caboose, come on dude, seriously. Have you paid attention to our enemies for one second?"

"I beg your pardon?" Mental Caboose asked.

"First of all that guy," Church pointed to the Mental Grif, "he's not yellow, he's orange. And since when is Donut a girl?"

"My favorite thing is pretty dresses," Mental Donut said.

"Argh, I got termites in me leg!" Mental Sarge said.

"And that is not a southern accent."

"Argh!"

"Do you have any tampons?" Mental Donut asked. Church felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Who died and made you boss?" Mental Deanis asked. Church shrugged off the hand and faced him.

"And you're not from the 1950s, so stop acting like it," Church said defiantly, "You're also not a guy."

"I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that," Mental Deanis warned.

"Seriously, what is the matter with you people?" Church yelled.

"Calm down Church," Tex said.

"Don't kill us Mister Sidekick!" Mental Grif said from below. Mental Church spoke up.

"Hey butt brunch! I'm Caboose's sidekick, not him, so shut your pie hole!"

There was a sniper shot, and Mental Church doubled over the edge, falling to ground level.

"Whoa!" Mental Deanis said. Church came over to the edge.

"Leonard, are you okay?" Church said.

"Ah, please! That fudge finger couldn't hit me," Mental Church got up but then realized something, "No wait, I'm gonna die." Mental Church falls back down, saying "Blow me" For his last words as blood cartoonly gushed from his sniper wound.

"There he is!" Tex said, pointing a direction to the opposing side of the room. Church couldn't see O'Malley, but he heard the monotone evil laughter. Tex jumps off the edge, landing on the ground floor and running past the mental images.

"Alright, c'mon Caboose, lets go," Church said, but stopped when Caboose wasn't following him. In fact, he was looking at Church like Church was some alien.

"I am sorry, have we met?" Mental Caboose asked.

"What? It's me Church." Church was confused. Caboose couldn't just forget him like that. Could he? The thought of being forgotten seemed to terrify Church.

"I don't seem to have any memory of you," Caboose said, "My name is Michael J. Caboose, it's a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

"And I'm the Denz," Mental Deanis said. Church couldn't believe this.

"Oh you've got to be freaking kidding me," Church said, "I just hope

Deanis and Tucker's doing a better job out there getting the reds to turn off their radios."

* * *

><p>Trivia.

Reference - Seriously, did anyone get that? Can you dig it?

I think its funny as hell though, its just so stupid that its funny.

Read, Review, Whatever.

Chapter 9 - Hiya, Mista C

10. Chapter 10 Flank Each Other

Author's Note.

Another Chapter.

Okay, things will be a bit mushy for this and the next chapter. I have no Idea what I was thinking about even considering Deanis having other emotions about her team, I still think she should be the emotionless hard-core bitch, but you guys decide.

>

* * *

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* * *

><p>Chapter 10 " Flank Each Other

Deanis and Lopez ran along side the tank, Shelia, whom Tucker is currently driving at the moment. Chaos was ensuing, mainly because Tucker can't drive the tank very well and apparent the currently incapacitated Caboose can.

"Ahh, Sheila we have to slow down or we're gonna run into that jeep!" Tucker yelled, much to the dismay of Deanis. She was pretty sure that Sarge wouldn't like the Warthog to be completely destroyed.

"Please take evasive action. Please take evasive action," Shelia warned.

"You take evasive action!" Tucker countered, "Hey Lopez help me out, can't you talk to her?"

"Lo siento. No soy bueno en hablar con mujeres hermosas. Recibo sudoroso," Lopez said.

It wasn't until then when Deanis spotted that there were two people behind the Jeep. One in clad orange the other in pink. Grif and Donut. FUCK! Deanis forced her legs to move faster than the tank, but she could only get to the tip of its front wheels. Ignoring her burning lungs, she screamed.

"**GRIF! DONUT! RUN, GET OUT OF THERE**!"

It wasn't a total failure, because Donut ran into the base. But it wasn't a success, Grif waited too long. She couldn't get to him or even yell before the tank ran head long into the base. The resonating explosion knocked both Lopez and Deanis off their feet.

Deanis, by luck, didn't land on her head or really hard on that matter. She landed nicely on her ass though. Rubbing the pelvis armor plating Deanis got up, Lopez not long after.

God, she wasn't quite sure if Grif died from being run over by a tank. Damn it! She wanted to kill him. Or at least watch him die by Sarge's hand.

There wasn't any time to waste. Deanis bolted inside red base. Half of her was wondering when Church and the Freelancer would force O'malley out of Caboose's head and the other half was wondering how the hell was she going to convince her team of the crisis or to trust the blues. God this was a fucking bad day.

"..Uh Grif?" Was the first thing she heard when Deanis got to the meeting room. The pink private found Deanis in clad red rather than Grif in clad orange.

"Deanis? Oh my God!" the next thing she knew was she was on the ground, breathing hard and Donut on top of her in an almost crushing bear hug.

"Oh God Deanis, we thought the blues had killed you or something like that! Did they hurt you? Did they feed you right? They didn't use torture did they? Oh god its so great that you're-"

"DONUT!" Deanis rasped.

"What?"

"Get. Off."

Donut didn't say anything and slipped off Deanis, letting the red soldier actually get up. And now her back hurts with her ass. Fucking perfect. Deanis got up and stretched her back, feeling the nice cracking of her back before letting out a long breath.

"Report," Sarge said, "What'd you find with your infiltration of the blues?"

_â€| _

_He actually thinks I infiltrated blue base... _

The fuck?

"There's nothing going on in Blue Base," Deanis lied, "But that doesn't mean that-"

"Did Grif survive the tank?" Sarge asked, interrupting.

"Wha- No! I mean I don't knowâ€¦ Probably not. That's not the-" Deanis was cut off again.

"Well this is a devil of a pickadillo, Simmons get on the squawk box and tell command-" Much to Deanis's relief and smug victory, Tucker phoned over all Red army channels. Deanis didn't click off the radio right away, wanting to hear that song that was made during the trip over here.

"-Red guys, are you there?-"

"What in buttery goodness?" Sarge said, "Who is this?"

"-It's me Tucker, I'm one of the blue guys,-" Tucker said, "-Look I don't have time to explain, but I need all of you guys to shut off your radios right now.-"

"Boy, it'll be a cold day in hell before I take orders from you," Sarge replied.

"-Look, it's really important alright? Normally I'd just shoot at you guys and steal your girlfriends but today's different. I need you to trust me on this.-"

"Well I may have spoke too soon. That is an interesting and well thought out, not to mention clever and timely I might add, proposition," Sarge mocked, "Simmons, would you care to deliver our rebuttal?"

Simmons cleared his throat before speaking.

"Suck it blue!"

"Yeah, suck it blue!" Donut cheered on, "Now that's what I call an old school zinger. In your face blue dude, in your face!"

Deanis made a point to pick up a private channel with the Blue. She made sure the signal was isolated from Red Channels.

"Hey Tucker," Deanis said, "They ain't gonna back down."

"-Yeahâ€¦-"

"Plan B?"

"-Looks like.-"

It wasn't long before all channels were conveying a strange sort of music. Deanis didn't need to pinpoint the genre when Lopez's monotone voice sang in a rhythmic tone. She was pretty sure that the song was for Shelia, Lopez's first and possibly only love interest for the moment. Deanis flipped off her radio.

"What in Betty's bloomers is on the radio now?" Sarge said, "Sounds like the feral cry of a retarded Mexican Sasquatch!"

"Turn it off, turn it off! Please God make it stop!" Simmons cried out, trying to cover the temples of his helmet in a vain gesture of blocking out the music.

"Oh man, this rules. RULES!" Donut cheered.

Deanis softly chuckled. She didn't particularly care for the monotone voice trying to sound like a singer, when it came out as a bad mess and she was glad she had shut off her radio to the sound. But the resulting "Fans" were funny as Fuck. She crossed her arms across her armored chest, slowly shaking her head.

"That's it, I've had enough, can't take anymore!" Sarge said, stomping his boot on the ground, "Everybody, switch off your radios."

"But Sarge-"Donut began to protest.

"That's an order private."

"Sarge pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeease."

"Donut," Deanis warned.

"Ah, man!"

The music died as Blue team and Lopez shut off their own radios. Deanis hopped that it would be enough, and briefly wondered what would happen to Blue rookie Caboose. The wondering died when she realized how much she didn't really give a shit. For the moment, she never felt so happy to be back at red base with people she knew.

That didn't take long either. The feeling of hatred she had for each and every individual here not to mention the base caught up faster and stayed with her longer. At least she could tolerate Donut.

"Do you really think Grif is dead?" Donut asked, suddenly. Deanis didn't answer, she leaned against the wall. She still wasn't sure how she felt about that, either down because she wanted to kill him or at least let Sarge kill him or the fact that she might actually miss the fat, lazy bastard.

â€|Maybe, she would. Maybe she did miss him already.

Despite all the fights, despite all the name calling and the arguing or the simple sport of hunting each other down with bullets and the occasional kitchen knife, she really did care about him. And about Simmons. And about Donut. And Sarge. These people, they were fucking idiots, the dumbest of them all. But they were HER fucking idiots.

And she'll be damned if she lost one of them already.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

****Flank**** - Attack down or from the sides, or rake with gunfire from the sides

****God, I think Deanis will so emotional for the next chapters and it feels awkward about her even considering to care about her teammates or anyone. I'm used to her just hating everyone without even meeting them. Well Whatever.****

****By the way, there a picture of Deanis on my Deviant Art account. Its under the mature setting so good luck.****

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 10 - Flank Each Other****

11. Chapter 11 File out the Lifer

****Author's note.****

****A-ha, vivid detailing of Simmons and Grif's operations... Kinda.****

****I won't go into major detail about their surgeries, so expect a complete skip-over for the next chapter.**
>

* * *

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><p>Chapter 11 â€" File out the Lifer

When they all finally went outside, the blue's tank was gone. It wasn't hard to find Grif, but Donut and Deanis cringed at the sight. The orange clad had really been hit by both the explosion of the Warthog and the Tank. Grif just looked so deflated, it was sickening.

"Aw damn it," Sarge cursed.

"What's the matter Sarge?" Donut said, "Is it because we lost a good man to day?"

"Depending on how you emphasize goodâ€" Simmons muttered, bitterly.

"Its justâ€" Sarge said, "I didn't get the chance to kill him

myself. Those damn dirty blues! They stole my kill!"

Deanis walked over to the fallen orange clad. She kneeled to him, looking over the body with less interest and more just a reason to stay from Sarge and keep her mind away from Church at the moment. She knocked on the armor's torso, and the armor visibly relaxed. The armor wasn't in recovery mode any more. That's when she noticed the slight rise and fall of his stomach.

"Sarge, Sarge!" Deanis said.

"What?"

"He's alive!"

"Those traitorous blues! Can't even get the job done right!"

Simmons rushed over, and confirmed what Deanis had just said. He held a hand over his chest, like his heart had just stopped beating like that. He sat on his knees, looking over at the orange private.

"He needs medical attention," Simmons said.

"That fucking medic could be dead and gone in the caves," Deanis said, "We don't have anyone with training to deal with this."

"Actuallyâ€|" Sarge spoke up, walking behind them, "Back when I was in the 105th, I had some experience with such calamities."

"You treated someone who was run over by a tank?" Deanis asked.

"No, it was a scooter."

"A scooterâ€|" Deanis repeated, "Why do I even botherâ€|"

"Of course, it took a lot of time and effort, but the man pulled through," Sarge continued, "He became one of the greatest soldiers of our time despite the injured leg."

"Do you have a point or are we going to save Grif?" Deanis asked.

"Yeah, sure why not," Sarge said begrudgingly.

It required Simmons, Deanis and Donut to lift Grif, and even more determination to stay on their feet. The guy was fucking heavy, Deanis wasn't even sure if it came from the armor or not. After several minutes of painful yells, and complaints, the three managed to get the guy into the base.

"Bring 'im to the lunchroom," Sarge ordered, "We'll need the extra tables for when we make our new cyborg."

Simmons nearly dropped Grif, much to Deanis's and Donut's chargin. Deanis noticed a nervous air around the 2nd command, and the fact that the armor shook slightly. She didn't know that they were going to have a cyborg. Aren't they all cyborgs because of the implants in their heads? This didn't make any sense.

"Cyborg sir?" Deanis strained a question. Sarge nodded.

"Simmons here has volunteered to become Lopez's replacement."

"It's not my idea I swear," the maroon clad whispered. It didn't take too long to get to the cafeteria, and the three laid Grif down and sat on the table's seats in rest.

"Now, I've gotta get my supplies," Sarge said, "So Simmons, I order you to undress while Donut removes Grif's armor. Deanis, make sure they do their orders, you know the consequences for such operations."

"Yes sir."

Sarge left. Simmons shivered in distain. Donut was already unlatching Grif's armor.

"Something wrong?" Deanis asked, stepping next to the taller private. Simmons sighed.

"I didn't think he'd actually go through with it," Simmons said, "I just thought he was just spouting another plan, but to actual execute itâ€|"

"You don't wanna give up humanity do you?"

"Noâ€| I don't."

"Well tell him then," Deanis said, "You're his second in command, he should listen for fuck's sake."

"I tried that," Simmons said, "He listened, but he didn't agree."

"Great," Deanis sighed. Simmons grabbed both his arms, almost looking like he was hugging himself. She'd seen Simmons act emotional before, and had even been there in some awkward comfort. That was probably the reason he was crushing on her in the first place. But stillâ€| Deanis didn't like the "Friendly Cop" breaking down like that. The dude fucking cried the first time, and she didn't even remember why he was in the first place.

"I'll try to talk to Sarge," Deanis said, "And this time, don't act like a pussy fit okay?"

Simmons was about to say something in protest, but he lost the words in the air.

"Okay." Was all he said before Deanis took tail and walked out of the room. Down a few halls, she finally found Sarge in the armory. He had a metal cart filled with things Deanis didn't think would be required in an operation. What's with the tire iron?

"Sir," Deanis said.

"I thought I said you should be watching Simmons and Donut," Sarge said, not looking at her and placing a bottle of Vodka on the cart. We had alcohol?

"I don't think we should go on with the operation," Deanis said, "We could just send Grif on an airlift and he'd be back in a couple of days, we don't need to turn Simmons into some machine monster just because Lopez is with Blue team."

"Sorry Deanis," Sarge said, looking up at her, "But I prefer the cyborg thing, Simmons can take it like a man or rather a machine man. And he wouldn't be reprogrammed like Lopez was."

"Fucking A, Lopez wasn't reprogrammed," Deanis said, "And we don't need another mechanic, you've got the training and I do have some experience and that should be enough."

"Now you listen here," Sarge said, "I don't want any arguments, we've got a man's life to save and one to improve. I am personally going to see this through."

Deanis felt her heart beating fast, and a lump in her stomach. But a certain high grew in her head like she was filled with hot air. It was a strange feeling. She didn't like arguing with her CO and has been a loyal soldier so far. Enough is ENOUGH.

"I don't agree," Deanis said, "God damn it! Simmons doesn't want this, have you ever considered his feelings! He's certainly considered yours for the past two fucking years!"

"I ain't gonna be lectured by my own subordinate," Sarge said, pointing a finger to Deanis, "I'm not gonna change my mind and that's final. Private Deanis, you're a good fighter and a damn fine soldier, but I don't wanna have to call Command to have you removed. Now if you'll step out of the way."

Deanis's heart sunk. She couldn't stop this could she? Sarge was too fucking stubborn to see that. Hard tears stung at her eyes for the first time in several years, and she felt nauseous. Without hesitation, she walked away. She wasn't about to let herself crumbled in front of her CO if at all.

She wasn't going to lose her closure. She wasn't about to gain a reputation of being a weak woman just because she couldn't prevent Simmons's fate or get Grif actual medical help. Oh god, she felt like she failed all over again. Just like how she had failed Church, how she couldn't save him— Her chest hurt and she could feel the sting of her back's scar.

She got back to the lunch room, Simmons sat on the table next to Grif's twiddling his thumbs. Donut had already gotten Grif out of his armor, and the soldier looked horrible. Grif really was deflated, he seemed so broken in this state.

Grif's brown hair was in a mess, his pale skin a sick purple in several places like he had gotten hit by a truck. He was in his underwear, boxers in place. Deanis almost broke down completely at the sight.

Simmons looked up at her, but she couldn't find the words to tell him. Deanis shook her helmet, making Simmons shudder. Donut walked up to Deanis, and put a hand on her shoulder.

"It'll be alright," he said, "Sarge said that the cyborg process is

relatively simple."

"Its fucking unfair though," Deanis muttered. When she turned back to Simmons, he had already undressed. She walked over to him.

"I don't see how the fuck you change like that," Deanis said, half hearted.

"I get shy," Simmons replied, his face already turning red from Deanis's stare.

Simmons wasn't ugly, but he sure as hell was handsome. He had an angular face with pronounced cheek bones. His pale skin was fitting to his green eyes, and his brown hair was a strange mix of a buzz cut and a crew cut. He looked very orderly, but was thin and lanky. He didn't have much muscle for show, and his rib bones protruded from his chest. In lack of better words, he looked like a nerd just like he acted like one.

His hands folded at his boxers, like he was trying to hid the fact that he was out of uniform. He looked about the corners of the room, trying to avoid the attention Donut and Deanis were giving him.

Sarge walked in, pushing a cart full of supplies that would be considered ridicules in any sort of mechanical or medical field. Simmons gulped.

"Now Simmons," Sarge said, "I order you lay down on the table, and be prepared for an anesthetic." Sarge pulled from the cart a large, sharp, syringe. If Simmons could get any paler, then he just did. The soldier, laid down on the cold table, attempting not to hyperventilate. Deanis sat next to him.

"I'm sorry," She said, "I couldn't convince him."

Simmons didn't say anything, but nodded. Deanis could clearly see that he was scarred as fuck. A thin, bony hand reached up and clasped on Deanis's gloved hand. She gave a light squeeze in assurance.

"Nurse Donut," Sarge said, adding the nurse part, and handed him the needle, "If you please."

"Yes sir!"

Donut came up to Simmons, and took his free right arm.

"This'll probably hurt," Donut said, "A lot."

Simmons closed his eyes tight, and squeezed Deanis's hand harder. Deanis watched the needle pierce the skin, and shivered at the sight. Simmons stiffed, he bit his lower lip in pain. Donut slid the needle out just as the last bits of its liquids emptied. Simmons didn't stop squeezing Deanis's hand.

"Deanis?" He asked, opening his eyes and looking at her imploring.

"What is it?"

"You'll stay hereâ€¦ right?"

Deanis sat still and silent for a moment, and she noticed that Simmons's grip was starting to lack and his eyes were fluttering.

"Yeah, sure," Deanis replied.

"â€¦Thanksâ€¦" Simmons's eyes closed, his hand releasing hers completely. She still held on, remaining to keep whatever part of him still running. If this fails, the team would lose both Simmons and Grif. She wasn't about to let that happen.

* * *

><p>Trivia. NOT.

Yeah, Deanis seems so mushy in this chapter. Even someone like her has feelings underneath that Red armor I guess...

...Awkward...

Moving on.

Read, Review, Whatever.

Chapter 11 - File out the Lifer

12. Chapter 12 AO

Author's Note.

**Another Chapter. Ain't you guys just jumping for joy?

>

**Lets go!

>

* * *

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><p>Chapter 12 â€" Asinine Overall

Deanis leaned her back against the wall in Simmons's room. It was pretty bland, but it wasn't as empty as hers was. Everything here was

nice and neat, there was a desk with several large books on it, not to mention neatly stacked report papers and a pen in the right place. Simmons was an organized neat freak.

She waited on him. She wanted to be the first one he saw when he awoke, she owed him that much. And then its back to hating his guts so completely.

The night ran on, and the sights and doings were grotesque and gruesome. It took a lot, and Deanis was lucky enough that she was able to convince Sarge to use the prosthetic skin instead of by passing it like he did with Lopez.

Simmons had new features on him. Wires and machines worked under his skin in place of his usual organs. He looked normal from the surface, despite the small strip of metal on each temple. Those strips had two small light bulbs each, they glowed as the brain sent electrical shocks which were all the time. The glow was faint, but it gave hope that he'll pull through.

He'd be scarred for the rest of his life though. Stitches littered his chest and stomach. There was much more that showed than that. Things that looked painful, things that weren't natural. His knuckles had dark metal coverings that went through the skin. His knees and elbows had screws on their jointed areas. Simmons would be lucky if he even felt anything at all, let alone pain.

Some else entered the room, a tall soldier in clad pink.

"How's he doing?" Donut whispered. Deanis shrugged.

"All I care about is when he wakes," Deanis whispered back. Donut sat on the edge of the cot, looking at Simmons's armor less, sleeping form.

"He's very peaceful."

"Yeah, whatever."

Simmons began stirring, his eyes moving below his eye lids and his face contorted. The small lights on his templates kept switching between dim light to out right shining. A sure sign that the man was having a nightmare. Deanis sighed and placed a hand on his shoulder

"Hey man, wake up," She said, shaking the shoulder. Simmons's eyes shot up, and sat up. Deanis took her hand back, Simmons was breathing hard but he didn't seem to be sweating.

"Hey there sleepy head!" Donut greeted. Simmons stared at him. Deanis coughed.

"Umm, Donut," She said, "Why don't you check how Grif is doing?"

"Sure, he is probably awake by now," Donut got up from the cot and jogged out the door. Deanis shook her head. Donut was a real idiot at times.

"He didn't do anything to me, did he?" Simmons asked, Deanis knew who

he was talking about.

"Nah, he's just being friendly," Deanis said, but double thought it too late. Friendly wasn't the word Simmons wanted to hear at the moment.

"Rightâ€|"

Simmons got up, but he refused to face Deanis directly. She briefly noticed how red his face was. She figured it right away and left the room without saying anything. Down the hall, up a ramp, and around a corner was the staff meeting room. Donut and Sarge were there, Grif was back in his armor and sprawled on the floor.

Grif was moaning as Deanis leaned against the nearest wall to watch. She saw the clad orange sit up slowly and rub his head before getting up. He acted like the weight of the world had just landed on him.

"Grif," Sarge said, "don't try to move too much. You've been through quite the ordeal."

"Oh, man," Grif moaned, "Where am I?"

"Hush now. Shhhh. Shhh. Shhh. Shh," Donut comforted, "It was really touch-and-go there for a while, good buddy. But I did it, "He took in a breath, "I pulled you through."

"How long was I out?" Grif asked.

"Awhile," Deanis replied from across the room.

"Don't you worry," Sarge said, "Nurse Donut here stayed by your side the whole time, stroking your hand and keepin' you company."

"My right hand?" Grif groaned.

"Your left," Deanis corrected.

"Note to self: Cut off left hand."

"Technically speaking, it's not really _your_ left hand," Sarge explained.

"Say what?" Grif's helmet tilted slightly.

"I had to replace certain body parts that were severely damaged when the tank ran you over," Sarge explained, "and a few that atrophied from a lifetime diet of HooHoos and bacon flavored marshmallows."

"Wait, which body parts?" Grif asked, looking at his left hand like it was some alien appendage.

"We'll, let's see. We had to start with the shoulder, then we moved on down to the flankâ€|"

Sarge continued on naming areas of a body that clearly wasn't human. Deanis came up next to Grif.

"We didn't exactly have a picture of the anatomy," Deanis said, "But we decided to use a picture of a cow with areas sectioned off."

"I think it did the trick," Donut said.

"Wait," Grif said, making a pushing motion, "where did you get the replacement parts?"

"Why, from our other subject, of course," Sarge supplied. Something came up from behind Deanis. She turned to find Simmons in his now-modified maroon clad armor.

His armor could now interface with his cybernetic systems. Deanis was pretty sure that it was a curse rather than a blessing.

"Subject my cyborg ass," Simmons said.

"No way," Grif said in disbelief.

"Yeah, I'm real happy about this myself, numb nuts."

"Yep, those too," Sarge said, confirming that there was almost a complete surgery. He continued to name parts.

"Did I get your lips?" Grif asked, "'Cause maybe then I'll finally figure out how to kiss Sarge's ass."

"And the ass," Sarge said.

"What the hell," Grif said, "What didn't I get?"

"We pretty much replaced all the internal organs," Sarge explained, "and some of the more disgusting external ones. Except for Simmons' spleen, which will be inflated and used for general recreation, and esprits de corps."

"This doesn't seem physically possible," Grif said.

"Yeah, I still don't know how you're still alive," Deanis said, "I'm pretty sure that all that foreign DNA would've killed you by now, then again the surgery should've killed you off."

"Nonsense," Sarge said, "Modern technology makes anything possible. It was as easy as shake n' bake!"

"And I helped!" Donut put in.

"Actually, Donut, I don't really know if snickering in the corner all night like a prepubescent monkey actually qualifies as help," Sarge pointed out.

"It was funny as fuck though," Deanis added. Donut made more sounds, repeating what he had done all of last sleep cycle.

It didn't take long before Sarge ordered everyone to get back to work, though Simmons had to stay behind to get his systems checked up to make sure he was working properly. Donut and Grif had look-out, Deanis had patrols.

For the first time in a while, it felt nice being away from the base

and everyone just to think.

The whole ordeal with the blues yesterday had been rough, and emotions along with mind probing had gotten out of hand. She could say that Church owes her another favor now. That makes three. What else is new?

She was still angry, though it wasn't as powerful as it had been. Mostly it was fatigue considering she didn't get any sleep last cycle, the smell of exposed flesh and blood was forever burned into her memory thanks to Sarge.

It was almost on par with the smell of burning flesh and wires. She had learned that the hard way.

A memory flashed before her eyes. That same burning smell, a familiar face half melt from plasma, looking horrified as one had reached out for her. She shook her head of the memory. Even now, it haunts her. Like a scar, it would never fade from her mind.

She felt like shooting Church now. Rage burned in her chest. How could he give up? After all that time and all those promises. Why did he fucking give up?

Her radio cracked to life in her helmet.

"-Deanis-"It was Sarge, "-I need you base-top proto.-"

"Yes sir."

Deanis high-tailed it to Red base and on its roof. Sarge was talking about something by the time she got there.

"Hey Deanis," he said, "I want you to fill in the blanks, up a blank in your blank with a blank."

"What."

"Just forget it," Simmons said quickly. Deanis shook her head.

"What did you want sir," Deanis said, irritated and tired.

"I was informed by command that Lopez has plans store inside of him," Sarge explained, "I have a plan to get him back. It's very simple. We use a flea flicker maneuver with a run and gun two by two approach, tactical ops will be... aw hell, who am I kidding? Grif, Donut, just go stand in the way of their bullets while me, Deanis and Simmons 2.0 sneak around back to grab Lopez."

Deanis was wondering if she should remind them that the Blue's tank was still online.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

AO - area of operation.

**Esprit de corps - **morale.

****Up next, Double-0 Donut and The Donut Girl get captured.****

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 12 - AO.****

13. Chapter 13 D00nut Girl

****Author's note.****

****I don't exactly know enough about James Bond to make any major references, but here you go.****

*** * ***

><p>Chapter 13 â€" D00nut Girl

"Sounds like a plan!" Donut said, giving a thumbs up. Grif shook his head.

"No it doesn't!" Grif said, "How about this time we try something that doesn't involve me being shot at or run over."

"Would electrified be okay?" Simmons suggested.

"No!"

"Well, I'm out of ideas," Simmons shrugged.

"Look, instead of running straight into enemy gunfire like we usually do, why don't we try some reconnaissance this time?" Grif said.

"You mean like spy stuff?" Donut said, piping up in excitement, "That would be cool! I could wear a spy tuxedo-"

"No," Said Sarge.

"-with a hidden spy camera-"

"No," Said Grif.

"-or, I could wear a flower on my lapel-"

"No," Said Deanis.

"-that sprays water in people's faces-"

"Shut up Donut," Said Simmons.

"-no, a secret spy liquid, that would be awesome," Donut finished, chuckling.

"No!" Sarge, Simmons and Deanis said in unison.

"Maybe," Grif said, then looked around, "Uh, I mean, no-o."

"Oh, come on! I could be Double O Donut," Donut said, straightening up like he was acting like a gentleman.

"You mean like, Doonut?" Simmons said.

"With a license to thrill, or be thrilled!"

"Alright, since you're both so into the idea," Sarge said, "Grif, Donut, you're on recon. Find us a way to break into their base, and report back on the double."

"Great, more time alone with the idiot," Grif muttered.

"Grif, Grif, Grif, Grif, Grif, Grif!" Donut said, "Lets pretend we're wearing super spy jet-packs!"

Grif groaned as the two walked down the ramp, Deanis started hearing some weird continuous noise that sound like a boy trying to do an explosion sound with his mouth. With a sigh, Deanis walked over to the edge of the base's roof and scooped up the sniper rifle. She looked into it, watching Donut and Grif walk over to the cliff with Donut acting like superman.

"Why are you watching them?" Simmons said from behind her.

"I've gotta watch Donut," Deanis said, "Grif might do something to him."

"I'd be more worried about Donut doing something to Grif."

"Whatever."

Silence past between them. Deanis watched Donut and Grif walk up to the cliff to look out for any blues. There was a bit of bobbing heads and then Donut was going down the cliff's ramp. Huh?

"So uh," Simmons said, "Doing much lately?"

Deanis ignored him, watching Donut walk into one of the entrances to the tunnels and disappear from sight. She looked up from the scoop.

"Damn," She muttered.

"What?"

"I'm gonna get Donut," Deanis said, jumping off the base top and landing in the dirt.

"What a minute!" Simmons said. Deanis made a dash to the cave entrance, sniper slung across her back with the MA5B. Her took her pistol from her thigh, and went close into the cave. Who knows what else could be in there.

"We can't just sabotage their equipment. That's rude!" She heard a vaguely familiar voice echoed in the cave. It was replied by a raspy, darker voice that sent chills down Deanis's spin.

"**I will devour their hearts and crap out their souls!**" Something seemed to nag at the back of Deanis's mind. Something was up here.

"**All will perish!**" The voice continued. Deanis heard running footsteps. She back out of the cave and near the entrance, just as the steps reached the entrance, she stepped out and aimed. It was Donut.

"Donut?"

"Deanis!" Donut said, exasperated, "We have to get back to base and warn everyone!"

"Wait, warn everyone? About what?"

"There isn't any time!" Donut dashed into a direction and Deanis watched. It took a few moment of processing to realize exactly where he was running to.

"Wait! Donut! That's the wrong base!" Deanis rushed after Donut, the weapons on her back slowing her down. When he stopped at the side of the enemy's base, Deanis a bit relieve, a bit annoyed, and a bit worried.

"Donut you fucking idiot!" Deanis said when she reached him. He turned to her, "This is fucking blue base."

"Oh that explains the tank," Donut said thoughtfully. Deanis resisted the urge to visor-palm herself.

"Lets get back to base before-"She noticed that Donut wasn't looking at her anymore, but looking past her.

"Oh yeah!" a familiar voice said from behind Deanis.

"Fuck," Deanis said as a gun barrel was pushed into the back of her head and into the area of her implants. After a quick, deep breath, Deanis grabbed her pistol and spun on her heel. She caught the blue's, Tucker's, temples with the butt of her gun. He staggered to the side for a bit, and she aimed at Caboose and fired.

The shot took the youth in the shoulder plate, so no damage was done, but it the force caused him to swing to the side. Another shot was fired, but not from Deanis's pistol. Her gun was forced out of her hand by impact.

Tucker came back up, aiming his M6C pistol.

"Nice try Red," he hissed. Deanis looked at him.

"Hey cockbite."

"What?"

"You start fucking praying that the first one knocks me out."

Something hit Deanis in the implants, and the last thing she saw was the ground coming closer.

The next thing Deanis knew was that her arms were tied behind her back, her weapons were gone, and she was leaning against a wall, the sun pouring in from an opening in the ceiling. It looked like the Red

Base staff room, the difference was that what would've been red was blue.

"Hey Deanis!" the voice was familiar and perky, making Deanis's head pound. It felt like something was hitting Deanis's skull with a baseball bat over and over again.

"â€|Donut?" Deanis said pained, "Godâ€| My headâ€|"

"Don't worry," Donut came into sight, kneeling next to her but not tied up for some reason, "The blues aren't going to harm us or anything."

"Bullshitâ€| What do they want then?" Deanis tried moving around, but a swift current of pain shot down her spin. The implants must've taken a pretty hard blow.

"I dunno," Donut shrugged, "They were asking me a lot of questions."

"What'd you tell them?"

"Well, I told them about my secret list of Crock-pot recipes."

"Did'ga tell them about our plans?" Deanis asked, trying to wrestle herself up to a standing position.

"No, they pretty much figured that out by themselves," Donut said, helping her up, "Those blues guys are so smart."

"Yeahâ€| fucking whatever."

How was Deanis going to get out of this mess? Taken by the Blues two days in a row does not look good in Red Army records. She tried pulled against the wires that bounded her arms, thinking on how Lopez had easily snapped them. No use, they were too thick for her. Strength had never been one of Deanis's aspects.

"Oh have you met Caboose yet?" Donut asked. Deanis sighed.

"No."

"Hello!" A childish voice said, coming into Deanis's view. It was that blue rookie again, still no emblem or anything either, "We've already met before!"

"Really? Aw man," Donut said, "but I really wanted to introduce you two."

"Oh sure, be my guest," Deanis said sarcastically.

"Okay! Caboose, this is my very best friend, Deanis," Donut said, not getting Deanis's sarcasm.

"Oh oh oh! I have a best friend too!" Caboose said, jumping up and down like a kid, "His name is Church. He's kind of mean and stuff but we're total best buddies."

"Awesome!" Donut said. The two acted like they were girlfriends at a slumber party or something. Deanis tried pulling against the wires again, quickly wearing herself out.

"Donut," Deanis said, "Why haven't you escaped yet?"

"Huh?" Donut turned to her.

"Why. Haven't. You. Escaped," She repeated, "I don't want fucking spell it."

"Well, it'd be rude," Donut explained, "Besides, you're here."

"Who cares about me," Deanis said, "You're not tied up, you should've fucking ran back to base. Tell Sarge the mission's compromised or some shit like that."

"I don't wanna leave you here," Donut said, "and Besides, I like Caboose, he's a good friend."

Deanis was about to object to that, when she remembered that Church and her had a past together. She kept her mouth shut, getting a cold feeling in her stomach. She leaned against the wall.

It wasn't long before Donut and Caboose struck a game of Truth or Dare. In some instances, Deanis intervened to make sure Donut didn't say anything about the Red's plans or something like that.

"Okay, okay, your turn," Caboose said, "Truth, or dare."

"Hmmm," Donut thought about it, "truth!"

"Okay," Caboose said, "Tell me, all of the red secret plans!"

"Ahaw, you tricked me!" Donut said and was about to say more when Deanis cleared her throat.

"But Deanis-"

"No."

"Deanis Please-"

"Donut," Deanis warned and was about to put her foot down when something entered the room. It was fast, it was white, and it was transparent. Before Deanis knew it Donut was making sounds.

"**!*" some choked sound, some gagging shriek forced through Donut's throat and the private stiffened. It took a millisecond before the clad pink visibly relaxed, his posture changed, the way he held himself differed. An electrical aura surrounded Donut, sending small static waves to Deanis's armor.

"Caboose!" A perky, slightly high pitched version of Church's voice came from Donut, "It's me, Church. I possessed this guy so we can... whoo, hey. This pink armor's kinda comfortable. Roomy. What were you guys talkin' about?"

"Oh," Caboose started squishing nothing with his boot, "Nothing."

The Donut-Church looked back and forth between Deanis and Caboose.

"You wanna braid each other's hair?"

* * *

><p>Trivia.

**Bond Girl - **I made fun of this.

** We've only got four chapters to go before the end of this book.
Stay tuned.**

Read, Review, Whatever.

**Chapter 13 - D00nut Girl.
>

14. Chapter 14 Courier Pink

Author's Note.

**We are so close to making it. **

**Ladies and Gentlemen, Please. Would you Bring your eyes to me? A
Feast, for your eyes to see.
>

* * *

><p>Chapter 14 â€" Courier Pink

"Hello inferior red squad!" Tucker yelled to Red base from a small mound near Red Territory. Church, Deanis and Caboose were not far behind.

Church had explained the plan, they were going to bargain with Sarge in order to have new robot bodies to replace Lopez. Deanis did agree to help them, as well as poke at Church about owing her yet another favor once everything was done and over with.

In the past two hours, Deanis noticed a visible change in Church. Though it all could be because he was using Donut as his host. He was always closer to her, usually in her personal space, and often stayed by her. That was probably something to do with Donut, the clad pink didn't like not being around Deanis.

"We would like to talk to you about-" Church said but was interrupted when Caboose stepped into his and Deanis's line of vision.

"Sneak attack!" The clad blue muttered excitedly.

"Shut up you idiot, we're not here to fight," Church whispered harshly, "We're here to negotiate."

"A sneak negotiation!" Caboose muttered stiffly.

"Donut! Deanis! What is this!" Sarge yelled from the base's top.

"I think he's talking to you," Tucker said to Church and Deanis. It was Church who spoke up.

"We, uh I mean they," Church corrected himself, "Would like to negotiate a surrender, to us. No to them, no wait no-no that's right, to them, to us."

"Oh, smooth dude," Tucker murmured.

"The fuck are you doing?" Deanis said quietly, "Get'yer facts straight."

"Sorry."

"You can't surrender blues, we haven't attacked you!" Simmons yelled, "Now go home and wait for us to attack, and then you can surrender."

"In exchange for not killing us, they, them- we, they would like to, release the robot guy, and me," Church exchanged glances with Deanis and Tucker and turned back to the red base, "â€|The pink guy."

"Are you becoming retarded?" Tucker asked. Church did a half shrug, using one shoulder. He was slightly against Deanis again, leaning on her shoulder. She bumped him with her waist, surprising him.

To tell in truth, despite her irritation she kinda liked it. Even if it was Donut's body doing it. The pink helmet looked at red base.

"I don't think they're going for it," Church said, when a gun shot fired. The bullet was from a M6C pistol, since the sniper rifle had been confiscated by Blue team. Deanis found herself being pulled away by Church, his "Borrowed" hands on the part of Deanis's shoulders not shielded by Red platings.

"Oh mother Fucker!" Tucker nearly staggered back.

"Okay, now you're under attack!" Simmons yelled, "Go ahead and surrender, bitch!"

"Alright, they surrender!" Church yelled, still holding Deanis. Tucker took out his pistol and aimed.

"Fuck that, I'm pissed, let's fight."

"Now that you have been thoroughly humiliated by our superior military strategy," Sarge yelled, "we demand the return of our robot, our pink private, and our superior fighter!"

Considering that Deanis has been captured by the Blues twice, not to mention knocked out several times, the superior fighter title didn't seem to fit.

"Okay, but there's one catch!" Church yelled, "Sarge they want you to build two robots for their team. "

"Hey that wasn't part of the deal!" Simmons yelled.

"Church why do we need two robots?" Tucker asked, Church's hold on Deanis softened. To add to it, she didn't move this time, having relaxed in Donut's/Church's fingers.

"You know... one for me, and..." Church added under his breath, "one for Texas."

He released Deanis and took a step back. She didn't pout, but she was pretty disappointed.

"Oh man, don't tell me you're doing this for Tex," Tucker said, crossing his arms "You're still in love with her, aren't you."

"Hey get off my back, man. Most dead chicks aren't exactly linin' up to haunt this dirt hole," Church explained agitated, "Besides, if I don't get her a body, she's gonna steal mine anyway."

"Eh, good point," Tucker shrugged.

"Bitch," Church was in Deanis's personal space again.

"Alright you blue scum suckers!" Sarge yelled, "What robot models did you have in mind?"

"I guess make 'em just like Lopez!" Church yelled, "Except, you know, just a shell, no intelligence!"

"These new robots sound much nicer," Caboose commented.

"That's because they sound like you," Tucker replied.

"Oh and no Spanish!" Church added, "And a bigger switch!"

"Okay, we got a deal!" Sarge agreed, "Meet us in the center of the canyon at 0600 and we'll make the exchange."

"Deal!" Tucker yelled back.

"Okay. I gotta hurry back before Lopez and Sheila suspect anything," Church turned to his team, "Make sure this pink guy doesn't run away when I leave. I mean it. I'll meet you guys back at the base."

"**Huwuuugaygaayeeeeeee!**" Donut's voice erupted from the clad pink's throat, and several white flashes came from his armor. Donut staggered a bit holding his head.

"What the...? Where am I?" Donut asked, Deanis took a step back from him.

"We were just talking to your friends," Caboose explained, "But you're going to stay with us now for a while."

"Are we gonna have a sleepover?" Donut asked, "Because that would be sweet."

"..You're a nice lady," Caboose commented, making both Deanis's and Donut's heads tilt in confusion. What was with this guy?

"Oh blue team!" Sarge yelled, "Before you go, maybe we should talk

about optional equipment on your new robots."

"What optional equipment!" Tucker yelled back.

"All you said you wanted was a body, we didn't talk about featuruuuures."

"Like what?"

"You know, undercoating, extended warranty, features," Sarge explained, "man, come on. Like do you want them to be able to use both arms at once?"

"Of course," Tucker dragged.

"Asynchronous arm movement issssssss optional!" Sarge yelled.

"What? Oh man, I told Church they would try to screw us!" Tucker said and then yelled, "What about the feet?"

"Did you want feet?"

"Yeah we want feet!"

"Sorry," Sarge said, "feet are optional."

"What's on the bottom of its legs?"

"Legs are optional."

"Oh man, what a rip-off," Tucker muttered.

"Options are optional."

"What isn't optional?" Tucker yelled.

"You look like a nice guy, don't worry, we'll work something out. Have you thought about financing? How's yer credit? I can offer you a free set of high quality mud flaps... and a lube job... You won't be disappointed! I've been told my lube jobs are fantastic!"

Deanis nudged Tucker with her foot. She had an idea.

"What?" Tucker spat.

"Let me go over there," Deanis said, "I can work this out in you guys favor."

"Bullshit," Tucker snapped, "What makes you think I'll trust you?"

"Tell you what, you still have all my guns," Deanis explained, "I get you your robots in prim and perfect condition, and you give me my guns in exchange. Deal?"

Tucker looked at her for a moment, and then sighed.

"Deal."

"Good, now get these wires off me."

Deanis walked up to the red base's roof after the blues had left. She felt naked without her M6D on her thigh, but a deal's a deal.

"Deanis!" Simmons exclaimed, "Are you alright? Did they just let you go like that? Where's your guns-"

"Simmons, I'm not here for small talk," Deanis said, "They let me go to make sure you build the robots right."

"Such treachery!" Sarge exclaimed, Deanis shook her head.

"No," Deanis sighed, "They've got all my guns. I'm only doing it for the weapons."

Okay, she lied. She was just doing it for the weapons. She was doing it mainly for Church, and that seemed good enough for her.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

Courier - A soldier who served the officers of his regiment by carrying mail or messages.

Next Chapter will have nudity. That's all I have to say isn't it?

Read, Review, Whatever.

Chapter 14 - Courier Pink
>

15. Chapter 15 Assembly Not Included

Author's Note.

Hey, Nudity. You've been warned. No, Deanis is not the one naked. I'm pretty sure you can guess who though.

* * *

><p>Chapter 15 - Assembly Not Included

Deanis watched as Sarge put gears and wires together, using wrenches of all sizes, hammers, and many other things on the cafeteria table.

She had to admit, actually seeing the robots put together had been interesting, the skeletal structure and the gears and the mechanics of the robots were complex like a human android.

The droid weren't finished by the time Sarge decided that they should put on the armor.

"Woah, woah woah," Deanis said, "Hold a minute. You didn't finish."

"Deanis," Sarge said, "They're as done as I say they are. No point in wasting good technology on the blues."

"But that wasn't apart of the deal," Deanis stated. Sarge grabbed a nearby rag and started wiping his gloved hands.

"Like I said, all the parts are optional," Sarge explained, "Besides, who could tell the difference?"

Church would.

It had taken Deanis a while to convince Sarge that Simmons needed prosthetic skin to cover the wires and mechanics from the cyborg operation. They had used the artificial skin that Sarge didn't use from Lopez.

The blues had two robot packages, both had been strapped to Caboose's back before they set out for negotiations with red base. The packets were large, containing everything to make a full blown standard android, anything extra had to come from pocket money.

"Now that I'm done," Sarge said, putting the rag down, "I'd like to turn in. We've gotta big day tomorrow."

"Yes sir," Deanis breathed. Sarge marched out of the lunchroom, leaving the two robots on the tables.

Both of the robots were identical. The armors were completely white, the proportions were the same, everything thing twin-like. Deanis pushed off the wall she was leaning on and sat down at one of the tables. She wanted to modify the robots, change them, make them look like actual humans. The robot-kits were still here, manuals and everything.

She grabbed a manual that Sarge had been looking at, everything inside was a jumble of instructions on parts and pieces that held no meaning to her. Even if she was to go against Sarge and change the robots, there was no way she'd be able to do it successfully.

Something clicked in her head, an old wheel of thinking that hadn't been active for several years now. A little something Church had given her before her time in Blood Gulch. Back with the Projectâ€

Deanis set the manual down, something told her she didn't need it. She started unlatching things, sliding things off and putting them to the side. The armor platings were off easily, and soon the black body suit followed.

That's when she got to work.

A pool of information seem to come from her implants as she messed with this and that, making that bigger and making that smaller. Deanis didn't need to know the names or functions to whatever she was screwing around with, her hands did the work like on autopilot.

It wasn't long before she was setting the artificial skin and nerves, letting the gray fibers set in place as she carefully connected the wires with the nerves. The skin was set easier than that, like the

simple connection of it and the nerve fibers was enough for it to take shape.

Before her now laid a naked, familiar looking man. Not a pinch of hair covered this replica of Church. Deanis reached out a hand, slid it under the back of the Church-droid's neck, and pressed the area where implants would be.

The droid's eyes opened, the blank white eyes shifted and changed until brown irises and black pupils stared at the ceiling. Black hair sprouted from the droid's bald head, a stubble quickly grew on its chin, what acted like pubic hair grew around where the crotch was, small bits of hair appeared in the arm pit, on the forearms and on the legs.

It was full blown Church alright. To Deanis's surprise, the droid looked at her. Its mouth moved, and it started making computerized sounds. Deanis stiffed. She hadn't meant to give the droid intelligence or anything like that. Hopefully Church won't notice.

Deanis got up from the table and sat down at the next table with the other robot. The Church replica attempted to follow. She turned to it, shaking her head and trying to make sure it didn't follow her or make too much noise. She didn't need Sarge or any one walking in here and see what she was doing.

The replica put one leg from the table, and sat up. It put the other leg over the table's edge, resting both feet on the set of chairs. It had a determined look in its eyes. Deanis got up as the droid attempted to stand up. It wobbled a bit, but quickly gained balance easily.

It made more computer noises, kinda like music notes, and walked to Deanis. It walked perfectly fine, normal like how anyone would walk but coordinated like how Lopez walked. A droid in human's skin almost.

Deanis put a hand gently on the chest of the droid and pushed it back to the table. It sat down on one of the built in chairs, and said something again with those computerized sounds.

"Wait here," Deanis commanded, turned and walked back to the second robot. She took off the white armor with ease. She had already convinced Sarge to color the armors blue and black, so there hopefully wasn't any worry about that.

The second robot had a bit more complications, but her implants supplied the necessary data to make everything work like it should. She tinkered with this and that, messed around with this and removed a part from that. It took while, but the mechanical version of a human female was in shape.

The nerve fibers were placed on the mechanics, and it formed the basics. Breasts, and such, then Deanis placed the skin.

The body was covered in no time, and then she pressed the back of this robot's head. White eyes opened, and green eyes formed. Red hair sprouted from the robot's bald head and around the vaginal area. A beauty mark formed near the full lips, nipples on the breasts, and a

smooth body that Deanis would never dream of having was laid out before her.

This time she was careful. This robot had no consciousness in its eyes, just a shell, a vessel for something. Deanis felt a pang in her stomach. The droid was only a shadow of someone it mimicked. Oh how true that really was.

The Church Replica cooed digital sounds, and Deanis stood up. She'll have to put the armor back on now, though she wasn't sure how Church would react to having his new body naked under the armor.

She started with the "shell" droid, fitting the white armor on the body like it was nothing. Before she knew it, the armor adjusted to the new body. This new armor wasn't bulky or anything like the Freelancer, the armor perfectly fitted against the droid, putting out the hour-glass shape perfectly. It reminded Deanis of a Greek Goddess, like Athena or Artemis.

Artemis. Hunting Goddess of the Moon, and the moon was the shadow of the Sun.

The Church Replica didn't exactly co-operate when Deanis tried to fit it with its armor. After a little bit of running and finally tackling the little fucker, Deanis put the armor on like she was putting clothes on a child.

When it fitted on to the replica like a second skin, the droid stopped making whinny digital noises. Deanis got up from it, holding out a hand to the replica. It took her hand, using it to propel itself on its feet.

The color of Church's armor popped into Deanis's mind. Cobalt blue, like the sky. She led the replica to the table, and comforted it into laying back down on it. It resisted, but complied like a kid finally giving into its parent's wishes.

She remembered the titan Helios, or the god Apollo. Both sun gods, driving the eternal star across the sky everyday. In Blood Gulche's case, however, the sun was up there twenty four seven.

"Shut down now," Deanis softly commanded the replica. It spouted mechanical noises defiantly. She sighed, and started humming some random tune. She wasn't even sure what song she was humming, but it certainly was reverse than what she had intended. Her eyes felt heavier and heavier by the minute, and it wasn't long before she entered the place between darkness and dreams.

"Deanis!"

A voice sprang Deanis up from her slumber, and she found that Sarge was looking at her.

"What're you doing?" the CO demanded. Deanis yawned and stretched. She remembered working on the droids last night, when did she fall asleep?

"I wasâ€¦ watching them," She replied groggy as she got up from the table. The Church replica was staring into the ceiling, not moving or anything. Deanis felt something stiff on her lips. Damn, she had been

drooling in her helmet. At least that'd explain the smell.

Sarge grunted in reply as Deanis moved away from the table.

"Robots!" He said, "Activate and stand at attention!"

Immediately, both droids sat up and got off the tables. They stood straight and tall, their armors shining white amongst all the red lights.

"Come on Deanis," Sarge said, "You're gonna help me put on the finishing touches."

The sergeant gave a small chuckle, some joke about him not finishing the robots. Only if he knew. He gave the command and marched out of the room, the droids following behind and Deanis not long after.

It took an hour or so to paint the robots, Deanis had to make sure that the armor colors fit the personas they'd have to host. Sarge didn't understand why black or cobalt but he didn't argue. A quick trip to the armory, and the droids were up and ready.

"I'm gonna call this one," He pointed to the black one, "Francisco Montegue Zanzibar."

"Why that name sir?" Deanis asked.

"I dunno," Sarge said, "Any creation of mine needs a name."

"You call the jeep Warthog sir," Deanis pointed out, "And that wasn't your creation."

"Lets move on," Sarge begrudged, He pointed to the Church Replica, "I'll call this one, Alexander Gertrude Derelict."

The replica made mechanical noises and butted Sarge's hand out of the way. Uh oh.

"What in Sam Hell!" Sarge yelled, "Why'd it do that?"

"Maybe it hated the name," Deanis suggested. Sarge shook his hurt handed and looked at the robot.

"Jamison Miranda Ascension," Sarge suggested. The replica shook its head.

"Johnson Zachary Backwash."

Another shake.

"Charles Caroline Avalanche."

More shaking.

"Arthurian Fonzarelli Coagulation."

The robot snapped its fingers, but still shook its head.

"Michelangelo Jackson Sandtrap."

The robot flipped Sarge the bird.

"Well this is just dandy," Sarge said, "What am I supposed to call him?" Deanis shrugged.

Just call him Church.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

****Assembly**** - Signal to form by company.

****Happy Days Reference!** I've been putting them in just about everything, has anyone spotted them? Seriously, Does anyone go for the classics anymore?******

****Ladies and Gentlemen,** you have just read the creation of Church and Tex's robot bodies. Peace!******

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 15 - Assembly Not Included.**
>

16. Chapter 16 Attack in Detail

****Author's Note.****

****Here we go, closer and closer to the end of this fic.**

>

* * *

><p>Disclaimer

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All Flamers and of the such can kiss Sarge's ass.

* * *

><p>Chapter 16 " Attack in Detail

"How's it going sir?" Simmons said, coming up from behind Deanis. The robots were standing at attention, even the Church Replica.

"Great! With these new color coded instructions, building robots has never been easier," Sarge said, "Now all the thousands of mistakes I've made in my previous efforts seem laughably obvious, heh heh. Uh, except for you, Simmons. No mistakes there."

Deanis scoffed. She was pretty sure that Simmons might die in the next years because of all the junk within his hardware.

"Yeah, I didn't think so sir," Simmons said, Deanis noticed he was holding his pistol, "You're great at this, even without any formal training, or first party certification."

He pulled the trigger, the bullet went straight into his foot. Deanis sucked in air with a hiss, that had got to hurt.

"...Son did you just shoot yourself in the foot?" Sarge asked after a moment's silence.

"Yeah, I do that now sometimes," Simmons said, "I'm not really sure why."

"I'm sure it's user error."

Something fat and orange ran up the closest ramp.

"Hey guys, it's almost time," Grif said, "Are the robots ready yet?"

"Juuuust puttin' on the finishing touches," Sarge said musically, and then stepped close to the Freelancer Replica, "Gentlemen! Allow me, to, introduce, Francisco Montegue Zanzibar," and then he looked at the Church replica, "And this one over here is Robot Number 2."

"Why didn't this one get a fancy name?" Grif asked. Sarge placed his hands on his hips.

"Let's just say somebody has an over clocked sass-back chip, and rejected all the names I came up with."

The replica made some familiar music tone as Grif came up next to Simmons.

"But that's okay. I can even use it to my advantage," Sarge said, "I made some special modifications on numero dos. Check it out. Robot, number two! Codewooooord: Dirtbag."

There was a computer sound, and the Church replica shot forward and punched Grif in the face. It pulled back, unfazed from the impact of its fist on Grif's hard helmet.

"Ow!" Grif rubbed his visor, "Hey!"

"Pretty nifty huh?" Sarge chuckled.

"That's awesome, sir. Let me try, let me try," Simmons cleared his throat, "Codeword: Dirtbag."

Once again, the replica repeats its previous action and punches Grif in the face again. Deanis chuckled, she wished she knew about it earlier.

"Ow!" Grif yelled, "Okay fine, two can play at this game. Codeword dirtbag."

The robot punched Grif in the face again, not even thinking about

other targets.

"Ah son of a bitch," Grif said defeated.

"Hey Grif," Deanis said.

"Whatâ€¦!"

"Codeword Dirtbag."

Another punch in the face.

"You mother fucker!"

"But that's not the only special feature," Sarge said.

"What do you mean, sir?" Simmons asked.

"Well... I don't want to give anything away, but let's just say for instance that one of the robots contains a hidden microphone, that will allow us to eavesdrop on the blues whenever we want," Sarge explained, "And let's just suppose, shall we, that the other robot, contains a ten megaton bomb, heh heh heh heh he- how... I guess I kinda gave it away."

Oh shit. I hope it isn't Church's.

"Yeah, ya kinda did," Grif said.

"Hey guys," Deanis piped up, "We've got like five minutes before six."

It didn't take long before Sarge, Simmons, Deanis, Grif and the two robots were out in the middle of the canyon. It wasn't a minute until Grif said something.

"You think they'll show up?"

"Well my gut says no," Simmons said, "but, then again my gut's made of an advanced polymer, it doesn't know what the hell it's talkin' about. Stupid gut."

Something loud and heavy rolled on to the nearest hill. It was the Blue's tank, and leading it was a tan clad soldier. Lopez and Shelia.

"Great Caesar's Toast!" Sarge cursed, unslinging his shotgun, "Looks like they brought out the heavy artillery!"

Out in the distance, near the cliffs, the blues and Donut were assembled.

"Ah, they're lining up in flanking formation," Sarge said, looking out, "Those blue jackals! Keep yer eyes peeled, fellas. This could get ugly."

"They've got their tank out here," Deanis said, "And I don't have my gun, you fucking think it's gonna get ugly? It already has."

"Hello everyone!" Tucker yelled, "We're here to surrender! At this

time, we would like to ask for one representative slash prisoner from each group to cross sides."

"Hey, I think I see Lopez over there!" Grif pointed out the tan soldier near the tank.

"López la pesado recibe órdenes de su clase no más!" Lopez yelled across the canyon.

"Yep, it's him," Grif confirmed.

"No shit," Deanis said, leaning on one leg.

"Look, they're releasing Donut," Simmons pointed out. The clad pink was marching over to Red team, he was carrying a sniper, a M5BA and there was a M6D pistol on his thigh. Deanis's guns.

"Go on, Francis Ex, front 'n' center," Sarge commanded, and the black clad droid started marching to the blues. Then Lopez started running, two M6Cs at the ready. This wasn't going to end well. Lopez got between Donut and the Freelancer Replica, aiming both guns at their heads.

"What does it-" Sarge baffled, "it's a double cross! Donut, Frankie Zane, get back here!"

"No! Stay where you are! Do not go back!" Tucker yelled, aiming a gun on Lopez as the Black and pink clads rushed over to Red team but stopped and started looking in different directions.

"Now the blues are aiming at each other? What the hell's going on?" Simmons said.

"We've been outmaneuvered, men!" Sarge said, "Take cover. I'm calling in an air strike."

That's not good. That's fucking not Good!

"Yeh, Red Command, come in!" Sarge yelled over the radio, "This is Blood Gulch Outpost Number One! Do you read me?"

"...Private who? No, Vic, this is Sarge, from Blood Gulch Outpost Number Oneâ€¦ I'm up to my haunches in hyenas here, Vic. I need an air strike, and I need it on the pronto! â€¦ But I can't! I had to use spare parts from our fax machine to build Simmons Two Point O."

Simmons started making weird machine noises.

"Whoa! Hmm, excuse me, man it must have been something I ate."

"Hey Simmons? Why is there paper coming out of your ass?"

"What the hell, Vic!" Tucker yelled, "How do you know the red team? Why're you helping them against the blues? What the fuck is going on here?"

Looks like red command has caught red handed. No pun.

"Wait, Vic. Red Command! Come in, I need ya!" Sarge yelled, and stood

defeated before turning to Simmons, Grif and Deanis, "Simmons, Deanis, Grif... We're out of luck. Get ready to open fire. Today is a good day to die!"

"Wait!" Grif said, "I think today is actually a good day to retreat. Can't we push dying to a week from Friday?"

"Yeah, let's all take dying as an open action item," Simmons agreed, "and come back with suggestions next meeting."

"I'll agree with the nerd and the ass for once," Deanis said, "Can't we push dying until after we're out of the military?"

"No! It has to be today. For our ancestors," Sarge said and then charged up the hill yelling. That's when pandemonium broke loose. There were yells and cries and everything though not a single shot was fired against anybody.

Deanis couldn't keep up with everyone, trying to pay attention from one thing to another, along with the mix of sharp noises coming from her radio inside her helmet.

In the skirts of the chaos, a voice finally broke through the yelling, the radio, and that strange whining noise coming close.

"I said, there's no red versus blue! It's all the-" Tucker never got to finish, an explosion bloomed on his back, sending him flying. A strange purple hovercraft flew past both Red and Blue teams.

"What the hell is that?" Said Sarge.

"What the hell is that?" Said Church, who was now in his new body.

"Â¿Mira que cosa?" said Lopez.

I know what that is, Deanis thought, frozen in place as painful memories flooded her vision, _It's a Ghost to haunt me._

"Oh my God. It's the Cave Devil. Run for your lives!" Donut exclaimed, and a rocket flew past him, hitting the dirt behind them. Everyone scattered, running behind cover or crashing to the dirt. Deanis saw that the soldier in the alien vehicle's armor was blending in, purple. Now she remembered. That voice in the cave was Doc's and he was talking to himself in a darker, raspy version of his own voice. And that means.

OH FUCK!

"Oops! Sorry about that big explosion!" Doc said, turning the Ghost around, and O'Malley added, "***Sorry it wasn't bigger!*" The possessed laughed cruelly, he was wielding a M19 SSM, a Jackhammer, or more commonly called a Rocket Launcher. Either Doc was missing them or just wasn't locking targets. He wanted to get them all at once, even at random.

"Wait a second, I'd know that laugh anywhere," Church said, "that's O'Malley!"

Another rocket exploded and everyone scattered once again. Battle

ensued. Deanis spotted Donut, and tackled him as plasma scorched the air. Guns and bullets and the smell of burning ground and air was all around.

Before Donut could say anything, Deanis ripped her pistol from his thigh and tore away the assault rifle. She shoved off him, the settings were changing all around her, marking off her memories as they painted her scene and pure red and adrenaline clouding her vision. She was beyond reason of any sort.

With one hand, she fired the rifle and with the other, her pistol. Not caring what or who she hit, she fired upon anything moving. The thing moving was the Ghost of the past. She dodged the plasma bolts, a few scraping the air around her suit or merely brushing against her armor leaving black burn marks.

"Deanis!" A voice screamed, she turned her helmet. It was Donut, he was far away, trying to get her attention on something. The act was too big a distraction, because the next thing she knew she was flying through the air, pain shooting through her scarred back.

She landed with a thud to the dirt, feeling her very skin bruised and bleeding internally. Nausea washed over her senses, ringing deafening her to the battle raging all around. She tried to push herself up, to fight again, but weakness and pain seem to have zapped her energy.

Something yanked her up on to her feet, and she leaned against the soldier. Clad Orange, Grif. He held her up and made sure she leaned against him as he fired her own pistol at the Ghost. Even if they did hate each other on a normal basis, Teammates came first on the battlefield.

"Help!" A soothing female voice said in distressed, "He took Lopez!"

"What?" Church was next to the tank, "Where'd he go?"

Evil laughter echoed in the canyon. Its source was Blue base, Doc and Lopez were on top, Lopez twitching in places like he had been tazored.

"**Here I am, you fool!**"

"How'd he get up there so quick?" Church asked.

"That guy's wicked fast!" Donut commented.

"Thanks, I lettered in track in high school!" Doc yelled, "It was the least directly competitive sport I could find!"

"Track sucks!" Grif yelled, causing Deanis to moan in response.

"**You suck!**" Yelled the O'Malley-Doc, "**And now I make my escape with my metallic hostage, never to be seen again! Unless I want to be seen, in which case, if I see you before you see me... look out! The Universe will be mine!**"

More cackling across the canyon.

"Lopez!" Shelia shrieked, her voice still soothing to the ears however, "No!"

"Move it, brown bot," O'Malley shoved the stunned Lopez into Blue base's portal, he followed not long after, "In to the abyss!"

The laughter died down, and the canyon was silent once more.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

(Attack) In Detail - To destroy the enemy piece by piece; by attacking smaller segments one at a time; instead of attacking the entire force all at once.

One more Chapter, and then Book 3 will arise.

**Read, Review, Whatever.
>

Chapter 16 - Attack in Detail

17. Chapter 17 Irony

Author's Note.

**Last Chapter for WarBound 2.
>

* * *

><p>Disclaimer:

Halo is a product of Bungie and Microsoft. Red vs Blue is owned by Rooster Teeth. This is a nonprofit fan-story. All original characters are owned by the author.

Flamers can take their asses elsewhere, cockbites.

* * *

><p>Chapter 17 " Irony

All teams made their way to Blue base, Deanis finally picking up enough energy to ignore her pain but not enough to stop her from grunting in pain. Grif handed her back her pistol along the way.

"Would someone explain what just happened here?" Grif asked as all teams assembled together.

"That evil guy in the scooter" Ghost, "shot one of our guys and ran off with Lopez," Church explained.

"But we need Lopez for very specific reasons that we don't have to explain to you. We have to get him back," Sarge pointed out.

"Yeah and we have to get the evil guy back," Church said, "He's the only one around here that can heal Tucker, and Deanis over there."

"I'm fucking fine!" Deanis grunted through her teeth.

"So now we're forced to work together," Grif said, "How ironic."

"No, that's not ironic," Simmons said, "Ironic would be if we had to work together to hurt each other."

"No," Donut spoke, "ironic would be instead of that guy kidnapping Lopez, Lopez kidnapped him."

"I think it would be ironic if our guns didn't shoot bullets," Sarge added, "but instead squirted a healing salve that cured all wounds."

"I think it would be ironic, if everyone was made of iron," Caboose said.

"I think it'd be fucking Ironic," Deanis hissed as she made her way to the base and leaned up against its wall, "If this was the start of a greater story was wasn't originally intended," she gritted her teeth, "and that would be later revealed in some series of revelations that would change our fucking lives."

It was approximately two hours or so before everyone stopped filling out "It would be Ironic" stories, with a few criticism for Deanis's single "Ironic" due to how ridiculous it sounded and that she might just be delusional from all the pain.

"Okay," Church said, with everyone on top of blue base, somehow including the Tank, "We all agree, that while the current situation, is not totally ironic, the fact that we now have to work together, is odd in an unexpected way, that defies our normal circumstances. Is everybody happy with that?"

"Yes," Sarge replied, Simmons came up from the Blue's teleporter.

"And, I just finished reprogramming our teleporter," Simmons said, "to take us directly to Lopez and O'Malley's coordinates."

"We'll leave one member of each team so that no one can trick anyone and take over the canyon," Sarge re-explained the plan. It had been brought up about an hour earlier, but the suggestion propped up more "Ironic" stories, "Our man will be Donut." Deanis had vividly argued against her being left behind.

"We will leave Corporal Croissandwich!" Caboose exclaimed.

"Cabooseâ€|" Church warned.

"We will leave Sheila," Caboose corrected.

"Yeah, thanks guys," Donut said, enthusiastically, "Because, you know if this is a trick, I'm sure I can hold her off on my

own."

"Alright," Church said, "we're gonna do this one at a time then. You first Sarge."

"Today seems like a good day to teleport," Sarge said, and then ran into the teleporter, his shotgun unslung and cocked, "Geronimo!"

"Piscataway!" Caboose yelled with him, running behind Sarge into the green door of light. Simmons hummed, looking out into the canyon.

"What's wrong?" Grif asked.

"I just had a really weird feeling that I'm never gonna see this place again."

"That's a bad thing?" Deanis said coming up next to Grif and Simmons.

"I didn't say weird bad, I just said weird," Simmons nodded to Deanis and ran into the portal. Deanis positioned herself in front of the green doorway, took a deep breath.

"Spare me!" Deanis yelled and ran into the portal. So I may serve.

It felt like millions of needles were being stabbed into her skin as every molecule and atom that made her very physical existence was being pulled apart and shot through space and matter. There was no sound, no touch, no up or down, nothing but the distance feeling of movement like millions of ants were marching Deanis down into tunnels.

She was painfully put back together again and shot through the portal with the same momentum that she had run in. It took a little bit to stop herself without falling over. She coughed, her helmet was filled with the stench of burning wires and a sickening smell of oregano.

"Deanis," Simmons said, "Oh thank god you're okay!"

"What? What's the matter?" Deanis took a look around, the room was filled with green portals, but the only person with her was Simmons. No one else was here.

"Didn't everyone make it through?" Deanis painfully remembered Doc talking about sabotage in the cave, and she felt guilty about not remembering it until now.

"I don't think so," Simmons said, "We probably all got separated within the teleporter. I thought something was fishy with it."

Deanis looked around the room, it was filled with teleporters, all green and shining. There were many doors, with many possibilities. But she hoped. By God she hoped, that one of them would lead her back to him.

* * *

><p>Read, Review, Whatever.

****Chapter 17 - Ironic.****

****Red vs Blue WarBound Book 2: Service, We are Called.****

****VirTaAshi, Signing out... For Now.****

End
file.